



## TWO BRILLIANT NOVELS.

I.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S

NEW STORY,

### LADY JUDITH:

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

One Volume, Octavo, Elegantly Illustrated.

Price, bound in paper, . . . . . \$1 25  
Price, bound in cloth, . . . . . \$2 00

It is one of the most attractive stories which has been published for many a day, with all the brilliancy of style for which Mr. McCarthy is noted, and at the same time a most dramatic and exciting plot. It will be read with interest by thousands.

II.

### OVERLAND.

A NOVEL.

BY

J. W. DeFOREST,

Author of "Kate Beaumont," etc.

1 Volume Octavo.

Price, bound in paper, . . . . . \$1 00  
Price, bound in cloth, . . . . . \$1 75

It is a story of great interest and power, and at the same time gives a most vivid and wonderful description of an overland trip to California. In word-painting this story probably has never been surpassed.

## A VALUABLE RELIGIOUS BOOK.

### SEED TRUTHS;

OR,

*Bible Views of Mind, Morals, and Religion.*

BY

PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D.D.,

Author of "Philosophy of Benevolence," etc., etc.

One Volume 12mo. Price, \$1 75.

What Dr. Robinson, Professor in Rochester Theological Seminary thinks of the book:

"I have read SEED TRUTHS, and find that its pages, as its title indicates, stimulate to reflection. They are also quickening to the religious life. May your book have many readers."

From the Watchman and Reflector.

"We have read the book with some care and with much interest. It certainly contains many seed truths in morals and religion tersely and freshly expressed."

Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

**SHELDON & COMPANY,**  
New York.

## SONG ECHO.

A New School Book, by H. S. PIERCE. Price, \$7.50 per dozen. Contains over two hundred new and beautiful Songs, Duets, etc., by WILL. S. HAYS, WEBSTER, THOMAS, etc. Every thing is new, fresh and sparkling. Contents and specimen pages sent free. Sample copies mailed free of postage to teachers for 65 cents. Liberal terms for introduction.

Subscribers to PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY are getting their Music for less than two cents a piece. Those who have not seen this Musical Magazine should send 30 cents for a sample copy. The music is by HAYS, THOMAS, KIMMEL, PERSLEY, and other popular writers.

Two back numbers for 40 cents. Four back numbers for 75 cents. Subscribers get

## FIFTY DOLLARS

Worth of Music for \$8.

Address,

J. L. PETERS,

599 Broadway, New-York.

Teachers sending us their orders for \$10 worth of music, can claim a year's subscription to PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.

**Sweet Sixteen.** If you wish to look young, as well as beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and Lyon's Celebrated Kathalron upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth-patches, &c., and instead of a red rustle face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathalron, and a lady has done her happiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best Dressing in the world, and prevent the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all Druggists.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 143L.—November 11, 1871

## CONTENTS.

1. SPAIN: HER SOCIAL CONDITION, . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . .	323
2. PATTY. Part XI, . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . .	336
3. A VICTIM OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES. II, . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . .	346
4. HANNAH. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Part X, . . . .	<i>Saint Pauls,</i> . . . .	354
5. OPENING OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL, . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . .	369
6. THE MAID OF SKER. Part II, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	372
7. FRANCE, . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . .	381
8. THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SUBJECTS, . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . .	382

## POETRY.

THE THISTLE. III, . . . .	322	RETROSUM, . . . .	322
---------------------------	-----	-------------------	-----

## SHORT ARTICLES.

DR. JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, . . . .	335	THE STARS, . . . .	371
ROBINSON CRUSOE, . . . .	353	THE POTATO, . . . .	380
A SINGULAR ACCIDENT, . . . .	371	TREES AND RAIN, . . . .	384

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

## PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE THISTLE.

## PART III.

So went the spring : and so came and went  
The summer. The aftermath was mown :  
And there where erewhile, in one element  
Of colour and beauty together blent,  
By the balmy breath of the light wind blown,  
The flowing grass and the bending blooms  
(A rapturous river of gleams and glooms!)  
Had rippled and roll'd, — lay clouds of mould  
Hard and bald; and between them grew  
Coarse aftergrowths grim, bristly, and bold;  
And the beast of the field had the residue.  
The primrose, cowslip, and violet  
Were gone, like gleams, from the grass. The  
white

Anemone's constellations, set,  
Had left the earth dark as a starless night  
Where the grass fell off from the woodlands wet.  
The blue-eyed borage was blinded quite;  
And the wandering cows had eaten up  
The daffodils and the daisies bright,  
And the dandelion and buttercup.  
The grass was bare: and the Thistle there  
Stood in the flowerless field — alone.

There was no one to notice, no one to care,  
What the Thistle would do, how the Thistle  
might fare,  
For good, or for ill, now the summer was  
gone.

No one admired him, no one praised,  
But also no one *maltreated*, him.  
And the roaming beasts of the field that grazed  
The twice-cropt grass where their wandering  
whim

Led them, lazy, from spot to spot,  
Shunn'd the Thistle, and harm'd him not.

So the Thistle could blossom, and flourish, and  
pour

The fulness of his full heart out fairly,  
Baffled a hundred times, and more,  
Stricken, and crushed, and surviving barely,  
But still surviving, *he lived*: the only  
Living flower of the field all round.

For sullen of hue was the land, and lonely :  
But the Thistle was lord of the land, and  
crown'd

With a crown of glory; a crown of his own;  
Nor ever had monarch a godlier crown.

Because the pent joy of the poor plant's nature,  
All dreams of beauty and brightness nurst  
In a spirit condemn'd by the judicature  
Of prejudice to be crushed and curst,  
Rushing at once into rich reality,  
And slaking at once a lifelong thirst,  
Forth, with inebriate prodigality,  
To a single sumptuous blossom burst,  
A single blossom; but richer far  
In colour than many a thousand are!  
A splendid disc full of glory and wonder!  
As the sea-rose swims on the water, so

That effulgent star on the bleak earth under  
Lay spread out in a luminous glow.  
And "At last I can blossom! blossom! blossom!"

The Thistle laugh'd, greeting the earth and  
heaven.  
And he blossom'd his whole heart out of his  
bosom,  
And all was forgotten save all that was given.  
Lyrical Fables by R. Lytton.

From Tinsley's Magazine.  
RETRORSUM.

As he who nears his native shore,  
Whence long a wanderer he has been,  
In thought will tread each land once more  
Which he has seen;

Will climb again each mountain height,  
And rest him by each murmuring stream,  
And will re-live each day and night  
As in a dream :

So now my soul, that draweth nigh  
To the still threshold of its home,  
To scenes that in the distance lie,  
Would backward roam;

Would tread the lanes in childhood trod,  
The fields through which two lovers strayed,  
Or turn to sit by that green sod  
Where Maggie's laid;

Would live once more the long-past life,  
With all its hopes, with all its fears;  
Would strive again the bitter strife,  
Would weep the tears.

Ah, idle dream! Each passionate grief  
Hath lost its power, hath lost its pain;  
The heart though wounded finds relief,  
Nor weeps again.

In vain I roam the empty halls,  
Whence life and vigour long have flown;  
Mid festive scenes and festooned walls,  
I walk alone.

Yet one there is, and strangely sad,  
That in gay scenes aye walks with me,  
Whose looks are grave, as though she had  
No heart for glee.

O, ask me not her name! She lives,  
A gentle guide to mortals given;  
She mourns the past, with sorrow strives,  
And points to heaven.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
SPAIN: HER SOCIAL CONDITION.

WHEN we ventured, some time ago, upon a sketch of Spain and her Revolution,\* the extent of the subject compelled us to confine ourselves almost exclusively to questions of history and politics. On that occasion we pointed out, as the key to Spain's political condition, the combination — varied by antagonism — of old obsolete Spanish backwardness with a continual adoption of French administrative and executive reforms. We dwelt much on the long comparative isolation, ancient and modern, of the country, and glanced at the fact that this very isolation unfitted her for using the improving and enriching elements which she is gradually receiving from other states. But, naturally, we had but scanty space for commenting on her social condition, a basis underlying and determining the political condition of Spain, as of all other lands. The present paper is intended as a sequel to the paper referred to above, and to develop and illustrate points which we left imperfectly handled, or not handled at all.

The traveller who takes up one of the ex-sovereign's sovereigns, the *isabelino*, and sees her ex-Majesty described as "Queen of the Spains," does not always understand how true the old-fashioned title is. Ford will have taught him, in that admirable work which is really almost degraded by the title of a *Handbook*, that the historical provinces were divided in imitation of the French departments. But sixteen years have passed since Ford published his last edition; and the historical provinces still stand out, in spite of railways, more distinct from each other, politically and morally, than is the case in any other kingdom; the division into departments having done scarcely anything towards facilitating general unity. Few Englishmen know that, even in France, and as late as after the French Revolution, provinces like Languedoc still retained sufficient independence to apportion their own taxation; and that one of the causes which finally welded the south of France to the north was the in-

vasion by our Wellington of France at the close of the Peninsular War. Yet, long before that time, France was essentially compact — an advantage often dwelt upon by her enemy, but admirer, Frederick the Great. Spain, on the other hand, is, even to-day, rather a cluster of provinces than a kingdom, as the late Revolution has assisted to show. An Andalusian, for instance, is as much a stranger in Catalonia as an Englishman; while a Castilian considers the Andaluz a trifier, and the Catalan a boor. The old differences of language exist with wonderful tenacity, after centuries of nominal unity. Basque, of course, stands by itself, and no Spaniard from other quarters pretends, or attempts, to understand it; but the dialects of Latin origin are still flourishing in mutual unintelligibility. The Andalusians what with Moorish and gipsy influences, and a natural turn for jocose slang, speak in a style which puzzles their brother Spaniards from sea to sea. The Catalans, even in Barcelona, are as little to be understood, in their turn, as Frenchmen or Italians. The Valencian tongue is neither Catalan nor Andalusian; while to all the provinces, except the Castiles, Castilian is rather a language of the Court, the Government, and the literature, than a familiar language spoken with purity even by the upper classes.

Language, however, is only one of many provincial differences. The types of character are as distinct as the types of speech. The Castilian is a serious gentleman, who deploras the levity of the age, and looks upon the recent French disasters as provoked by the frivolity of Frenchmen. He it is who represents (on a sadly reduced scale) the old hidalgo, from whom our Elizabethan forefathers took their ideal of the don. When he exaggerates his peculiarities, from the accident of being a blockhead, he becomes the "Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard," of *Love's Labour's Lost*. There have been speakers in the existing Cortes quite absurdly pompous enough to talk, like that grandee, of "the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon." The Castilian, however, makes himself respected by all other

\* Liv. Age. No. 1402. 15 April, 1871.

Spaniards. He is still, in the general decadence, a kind of representative of the nation; and the vainest provincial whom the Revolution has sent to the Cortes hesitates at the effect which his untutored accent may produce upon the Castilian ear. The Andaluz, again, is a clever, lively fellow, more sociable than most Spaniards, and, when enterprising, more speculative in commerce. A good Andalusian trading family will send its sons to Oscott or Stonelyhurst to get a generous culture, while a Catalan family is content if their youth picks up in England or Germany on a humbler scale enough knowledge of modern languages to make him useful in the warehouse and at the desk. The Andaluz is an orator and journalist, like Castelar or Gonzalez Brabo. He is often found in the army, where he is a trifle empty, but genial and polite. When a duller type of Spaniard is jealous of the Andaluz, he invariably assures you that he is insincere — that he has nothing *here*. And at this point the speaker strikes his breast, with that love of gesticulation which is so common among all varieties of the Spanish breed. The Spaniard of the north, say of Bilbao, is rather a favourite with foreigners, and takes to them as kindly, and more to the purpose, than the Andalusian. He is improving, as a commercial man, more rapidly than the men of the Mediterranean, thanks to the bracing influences of the northern races and the northern sea. The Catalan's position in the group is easily defined — he is the shopkeeper of the Peninsular. There are many thousand Catalans so employed in Madrid; while those who stay at home keep up the typical characteristics by living, as much as their eagerness to make money will allow them, entirely among themselves. They are industrious, especially if measured by the Spanish standard; cunning, close-fisted, indifferent to culture in all its forms, inhospitable, provincial — in short, they represent the prose of Spain, of which the poetry is embodied in the traditions and legends, the letters and art, of the Castilles and Andalusia.

It would be impossible, in the space of a mere essay, to deal adequately with such other points of unlikeness between

the provinces of Spain as the differences of land-tenure and local customs. These exist, not as between province and province only, speaking of the historical provinces, but within such provinces themselves. They have come down from remote times, and have survived modern changes; while the commercial code (for instance) is almost entirely modelled upon that of France. The general effect of the diversities we have pointed out, strengthened, as these are, by diversities of interest, is to retard seriously the progress of the country as a whole. Andalusia, which exports wines, is friendly to free trade. Catalonia, which manufactures cotton goods, loathes the very name. A Madrid republican is "unitarian," because he regards his city as the centre of Spain which ought to keep Spain together. A Barcelona republican is "federal," because he thinks, as a Catalan, that Catalonia ought to govern herself. Meanwhile, Madrid does not hold the kind of moral position in the eyes of Spaniards which London does in that of Englishmen, or Paris in that of Frenchmen. True to its origin, it is the seat of the government, rather than the head of the nation in a high sense. The provincials know, of course, that it is the centre of fashion, and of what literature or art exists in the kingdom. They know, only too well, that it is the fountain of patronage. But they do not, to use a familiar phrase, look up to it. Madrid is very proud of itself, but Spain is by no means so proud of Madrid. There is a keen jealousy of the capital, which is regarded as enriching itself at the expense of the provinces. The first money raised for the payment of anybody goes to Madrid officials. Concessions for enterprises in all parts of Spain, are granted at Madrid. That city, therefore, is only a kind of station from which Spain is ruled; and this centralization, which ought to stimulate and assist the local energies of the whole country, does as much to retard as to foster them. A scheme that might benefit Cadiz, Saragossa, or any other city, is jobbed at Madrid to the political friends or fellow-conspirators of a minister; the provincial city distrusts it; and the scheme falls to the ground,

after a few victims (often foreigners) have suffered severely in purse and temper. Such is the action of the defective unity of Spain, where head and body have not yet learned to work together, and where the limbs hang loosely and stragglingly; at once a cause and an effect of the feebleness of the whole organization.

What, then, secures such degree of unity as the country does possess, in however defective a form? To this we answer, the action of two bodies — the army and the Church. In another age we should have put the Church first; but the Church is not all that it was, whereas the army is more important than ever. The army holds society together, and binds to one another, as it were with a sword-belt, the discordant and dissimilar provinces. The supreme government of Spain, general and local, is always military. Every province is ruled by a captain-general, with a staff; under whom is a second head, *segundo cabo*; and this officer is the real master; the superior, even of the civil governor, who is supposed to have the direction of civil affairs. We are at a loss, after some years' residence in Spain, to know what a captain-general cannot do. He can set aside the municipal elections of a great town, and keep in the old town council (*ayuntamiento*) because he likes their politics better. He can move his troops where he pleases, billeting them where he pleases. He can suppress a newspaper. He can arrest and imprison anybody he likes (as indeed the civil governor can also), "on suspicion," and bring him before the tribunals, at his leisure. These things happen sometimes on the pretext of martial law, but also without it; and they happen under the Constitution produced by the Revolution of 1808, and supposed to endow Spaniards with all the most inalienable rights of the human race. Spain, in fact, is, in one sense, always under "martial law." Every ministry, of every colour, has a soldier for its head. Naturally, therefore, in Spain, the army is a political career. Soldiership there is what public life and parliamentary life are in England, a regular mode of rising in the state and influencing the state's policy. The present king, we believe, has called

for the *hoja de servicios*, the roll of services, of every officer in the army. The collection will be very instructive. With a proper attention to dates, his Majesty will be able to know the politics of almost every important officer in the service. Each step of promotion will be found to synchronize with some *pronunciamento*, rising, or revolution. There are officers, each stripe of lace on whose sleeves represents a successful conspiracy of one kind or another; sometimes the betrayal of a conspiracy, which is worse. Whatever else changes in Spain this *militarismo* never changes. And, we may add, without intending any sarcasm in particular, that the internal duty of keeping order and directing politics is the only European duty that a Spanish army can now perform. A force of some eighty thousand men, officered and armed as the Spanish army is, could not venture into the arena, where closed with each other the giants of last summer. Indeed no Spanish general has seen real war, war of the Crimean or the 1870 stamp. It always puzzles a foreign observer, first, how they get so many decorations, and, secondly, how they pay for them.

When an army, however, discharges such transcendent internal function as the Spanish army, the question of its composition becomes one of interest. The composition of that army is less aristocratic than it used to be. The wonderful aristocracy of hats has all but deserted the last branch of the public service which even degenerate aristocracies quit. This is, perhaps, no great loss; but the general result is to lower the social standard of the whole body of officers nevertheless. The best officers, in all senses, are those of the artillery and engineers. They have a severe training at their colleges, into which they pass out of schools in correspondence with them, which they have entered upon the nomination of the Crown. The cavalry, too, have a college; but this is an arm in which Spain has never been strong. The college for the infantry has been abolished, and the cadets are attached to regiments to learn their duties. English officers, who have watched the exercises of these regiments within the last year or

two, think little of the way in which they are handled. The Spanish infantry officer is deficient in professional instruction. As for his general culture, we need hardly say that it is scarcely worth talking about. He rarely knows even the sister Latin language—French. He has never travelled. He has no elevating or refining tastes; and his intelligence, when he has any, is employed chiefly upon the wearisome, sterile complications of faction, which make up the “politics” of his native land. His life is best described as an empty one. When the day’s routine is over, nothing remains but the casino or the café. Athletic and other sports are unknown, unless, indeed, the hunting of poor little milliner-girls is to be classed among the latter. Reading, with the exception of the occasional perusal of a bad Spanish translation of the lower class of French novels, is out of the question. If the man has superior talents and energy, the temptation to conspire is great. A successful conspiracy means promotion, employment, distinction, money. Here, then, is a constant danger to Spain. An army is a paramount necessity; but an army, essentially professional and political at the same time, can never work in harmony with a constitutional system. One chief reason why the Spanish republicans, though so numerous in the towns, have never yet gained a success, is, that it is part of their policy to attack the army as an army. They object to standing armies on principle, and hence make few converts in a force which regards their existence as a menace to its own. The private soldiers of the Spanish army are raised by a conscription which is keenly dreaded, and from which the well-to-do classes purchase exemption by money. They are poorly paid—four cuartos and a half, something less than twopence, a day—out of which they have to find soap and threads. Their food is *rancho*,—a broth of beans and rice with bacon in it, and we believe that there is no allowance of wine, unless when they are serving outside the towns. One excellent regulation is, that those who choose are taught to read and write. Promotion from the ranks is not uncommon in the line regiments, and of late years has been upon the increase. The political character of the military career is favourable to the rise of ambitious sergeants, who share with the commissioned officers the dangers and rewards of barrack intrigue. And, hence, one often encounters in Spain officers who have neither the education nor the manners of gentlemen. Nevertheless, famil-

iarly between officers and their inferiors is discouraged in Spain, and has, probably, never prevailed there so much as in the army of France.

Spain has always been ruled by cross and sword—*crus* and *espada*. The priest has governed the soul, the soldier the body of the sunburnt inhabitant of that sunburnt land. We have said already that the clergy in Spain are not what they were. Not, indeed, that we suppose—like the credulous old ladies who fatten missionaries—that Spaniards are about to become Protestants, in any respectable sense of that vague word. Real Protestantism is not a negation, but builds on a faith of its own against the faith which it quits; and learning, manliness, and independence of character are among its indispensable conditions. All we say is, that the Spanish Church is weaker than it used to be, and has come weaker out of every revolution that has taken place since 1808. We can always test the power of that Church, at any time, by the simple question, what toleration do heretics meet with? May they worship in peace? May they bury their dead with decency? In every modern revolution, with its accompanying constitution, something has been gained on these points; till, at last (since 1868) we enjoy almost the same amount of religious liberty which we conceded to the Roman Catholics at Gibraltar by the Treaty of Utrecht! There seems, indeed, a doubt whether we may build churches; but, at least, we can read a service in a “church-room,” open to the public, with more security than in the days when we had nothing to rely upon but the good-natured connivance of a captain-general. Then, there are “Protestant” schools of different sects, for the education of Spanish children, in Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, and other cities; and the Protestant missionary, so far from being exposed to persecution, is a prosperous person, eating and drinking well in the bosom of his family. There is, in fact, some danger that the tendency to proselytize of the more illiterate of these persons may, some day, provoke a reaction. Already, it has become a difficulty to bury those who, by attending Protestant schools, forfeit their right to the ministrations of the Church. Hence the measure recently carried into effect, for the “secularization of cemeteries,” by which it has been ordered that every cemetery shall have a place for the interment of those who die out of the Church’s communion. The clergy are compelled to submit to this, but they do so



with a very bad grace. The government of the bishopric of Barcelona, for instance, has ordered that the ground so set apart shall be divided from the rest of the cemetery by a wall; that it shall be ground where no "faithful" have been interred, or from which the bodies of the faithful have been exhumed; that it shall have a distinct gate of entrance; and shall bear no sign of any distinct religion.\* All this is mere spite; but the change could not have been made if the Spanish Church retained the power which it had only three years ago. Another great blow to the ecclesiastical cause has been the institution of civil marriages. Mixed marriages, between Catholics and Protestants, have never been allowed by the Church in Spain. That Church requires the conversion of a Protestant before it will unite him to a Catholic woman. But the women of Spain are beginning to think and act for themselves, and are often found to be contented with a marriage made first by a foreign consul and afterwards by a Spanish magistrate.

All these facts point to a gradual diminution of ecclesiastical power; but they must not be over-rated. And there are facts on the other side, which no sensible or impartial man can overlook. No movement for the reform of the Church comes from within the Church, as it did among the Northern nations in the sixteenth century. The Spaniards in orders who revolt are never distinguished men; and we are sorry to add, from our personal knowledge, that they are sometimes blackguards. On Sundays and other *días de fiesta*, the largest churches are filled, and although many days are no longer holidays by law, the law proves less strong than the custom. A thunder-storm sets people sprinkling the house with holy water. The streets are full of kneelers in the mud when the *viático* passes under a scarlet canopy, with the little bell ringing. Nor does any respectable Spaniard, in the most revolutionary city, approach death without his friends paying him the compliment of carrying a torch in the rear of the sacraments to the door of his sick-chamber. During the height of the excitement produced by the Revolution of 1808, we saw the sacraments taken to the rooms of an artillery officer by his comrades of the regiment. The *viático* was borne by a priest in a carriage. The officers walked before it, bareheaded, with torches. The band played the royal march. Everybody

within sight fell upon their knees; and the priest passed, with his sacred burden, among kneeling spectators from the carriage to the house. All such customs are deeply rooted in Spanish life; and are, besides, deliberately cherished by the upper classes, noble and commercial equally, as securities for public order. If you talk to a man of these classes about the Protestant schools, he will tell you that they make Spaniards indifferent, or atheistic, but not Protestant. And this general conviction is worthy of serious consideration. The Spanish opposition to the Church is, properly speaking, not so much due to a wish to reform the Church, as it is a part of the general revolutionary movement of Europe, the headquarters of which are in France. The Spaniard of this way of thinking is not a Protestant, and still less a Protestant of the so-called Evangelical type, but a Republican in politics, and, in religion, a follower of the Volneys and others, who have been carefully translated for his benefit. And, although he is out-numbered, even in cities which return Republican deputies, by the orthodox, we are to remember that, from the nature of the case, he belongs to the active and enterprising party. Catalonia and Andalusia contain thousands of Republicans, Socialists, and Communists among the working-men. The International has its branches in Spain, as elsewhere; and wherever such views prevail, they are accompanied by hostility to the Church, and disbelief in its doctrines.

Of the composition of the Spanish Church, we may note, first, that, like the army, it has ceased to be an aristocratic body. If St. Simon went to Toledo now, he would not be received, as he was in 1722, by a Pimentel. Nor, we venture to say, would the dignitaries of the Church be so fluent in Latin speech as the accomplished Duke found them. Having given up its property under a concordat, and lost so much of its power and dignity as it has by successive revolutions, and the influence of French literature, the Church of Spain does not fill the proud station in the world's eye which it filled of old. The clergy come mostly from inferior families, especially from inferior families of the rural districts. They receive, not a liberal, but a merely technical, education, at *seminarios* devoted to the instruction of their class, where some Latin and some theology make up the total of their attainments. The want of Greek, nearly universal amongst them, shuts them out from real learning; and the want of mod-

\* *Boletín Oficial Eclesiástico del Obispado de Barcelona*. 8 de Agosto, 1871.

ern languages from all contact with new ideas. A Spanish priest, for example, knows just as little of Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, or Count Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, as of Aristotle or the *Septuagint*. Hence, there is nothing like a Liberal Catholic party, such as one associates with Montalembert's name, in Spain, where you only find a bigot in a black gown, or a free-thinker in a red cap. There is, on the other hand, nothing to supply to the mass of priests the want of social traditions and culture. Travel is not within their reach. Society, in the English or French sense, is equally unattainable. For, although they exercise great influence upon the women of families, by the confessional and otherwise, they do not mix with general society, like the clergy of our country. A Spanish bishop lives in his dreary old palace with two or three of his clergy about him, to take a hand at cards in a quiet way in the evening, if required. A Spanish priest passes his life in lodgings, and solaces himself with the cigar which etiquette forbids him to take in public. Their countrymen, meanwhile, are at the cafés and theatres, or holding a kind of conversazione, remarkable chiefly for the want of amusement and refreshments. Everything throws the priest back upon his profession, in the narrowest sense of the word; and hence his intense sacerdotalism and intense ultramontaniam. Then, again, he is very poor, for the State is always in arrears with his salary — another influence throwing him out of harmony with the modern life of his nation. That he is often a charitable, pious-minded, long-suffering man, none but vulgar bigots, who live by trying to undermine his faith, will deny. On the morals of the order, which their celibacy makes a delicate subject, it is impossible for a foreigner to speak with authority. Spaniards of a revolutionary turn laugh at the notion of their having any morals — but how trust a professed enemy's word? What one generally hears is, that the life of a priest in the cities is, on the whole, respectable. In the country, where he is more master of the position, his household occasionally provokes humorous criticism. It is said to consist of an old woman, who cooks, and of a younger and better-looking female, a housekeeper, whose duties are less accurately defined. That the confessional, meanwhile, gives a fearful advantage to a priest who happens to be a villain, is a fact which forces itself upon all students of Spanish institutions.

However indispensable to Spain are the army and the Church, and in spite of the undoubted merit of individuals in both, few observers hope much from either institution in the way of real national improvement. What is wanted by Spain is a purer civil government; a higher standard of education; and a development of industrial and commercial life. At present the civilians who share with the soldier (though generally in unequal proportions), the country's direction, have far too much of the adventurer about them. The political world is recruited by the clever, unscrupulous fellows of half-a-dozen other worlds — journalists, lecturers, engineers, dramatic writers, fiddlers — who prefer living on the estimates (*cobrar del presupuesto*) as the Spaniards say, to the dull pursuit of a profession. Politics in Spain, accordingly, have a constant tendency to degenerate into a trade. Spain is rich in political slang, and politicians of this class are familiarly known as *pasteleros*, or pastry-cooks, because as a pastrycook will make you a pastry of anything you prefer, so these men defend any opinions that seem likely to pay. The competition for public employment, the *empleomania*, of Spain, is intensely keen; few Spaniards have the energy for a professional or commercial career; and office brings opportunities with it, even more attractive than the salary. The adventurer, then, begins by endeavouring to make himself useful and formidable in the wars of faction, and factions are so divided that there is plenty of choice for him. Journalism is one field, and at least nine-tenths of the literary talent of the country goes into journalism. There is, in fact, no remuneration in Spain for any higher kind of literature. Mention to a Spanish professor, or other man employed upon books, the sum paid for copyright in London, and the national interjection *caramba!* leaps to his lips at once. A reading public, in the English sense, does not exist. The women, to begin with, never read at all; and, hence, lose the refining influence which poetry and the higher fiction exercise upon the sex in cultivated countries. Those men who do read, employ themselves principally upon the translations from the French, to which several allusions have been already made. It is a curious fact, and one we believe true of Spain alone, that the most popular English novelists are only known by translations made from French translations. We looked into a Spanish *Oliver Twist*, due to this double process, the other day. It had been considerably abridged

for one thing, and what our poor friend Bumble had become, the lovers of English humour may guess. Well, the writing talent of the nation, under such circumstances, goes, we say, chiefly, into journalism, or into such manufacture of native farce for the theatres as the severity of French competition permits. Journalism is a political career, as it was in France before the second empire, and the number of newspapers in Madrid is decidedly large in proportion to the population.

The Madrid newspaper most read in the provinces is the *Correspondencia de España*, a curious medley of paragraphs from every source, with foreign telegrams. The *Correspondencia* is supposed to be neutral, or non-political; but it is observed to interest itself very much in all news favourable to the Duke of Montpensier, and to be, perhaps, a little ludicrously eager to contradict all reports to the prejudice of his Highness. Hence, the *Correspondencia* is considered Montpensierista. It is the only Madrid paper on sale in the provincial cities, the others being only to be seen at clubs (*circulos*, or *casinos*), and at some cafés. The *Iberia* is the most prominent organ of the Progressistas, and has been the stoutest champion of the Ministries which have administered Spain since the Revolution. It is a paper of considerable vigour, and of a rather violent type, and has been the stepping-stone to public employment of a somewhat remarkable number of Liberal writers. But it lacks the solidity and elegance of the *Epoca*, the discreet friend of the old dynasty, and subtle critic of the Revolution and its consequences; the one periodical of Madrid which gives to a reading foreigner the kind of pleasure he derives from the *Journal des Debats* or the *Saturday Review*. It is a lesson in modern Castilian to read the best articles in the *Epoca*. Other journals of note are the *Política*, *Imparcial*, and *Discussion*; and Madrid is always strong in "little journals," as the French call them — comic and satirical prints, like the *Cascabel* and the now defunct *Gorda*. Satire is, and always was, a Spanish talent; and there is so much division in politics, and such a hungry struggle for power, that the talent gets sharpened to the finest edge. The famous Gonzalez Brabo, the ex-Queen's minister, rose by a style of writing which even his admirers would probably now admit to be infamous. It will be agreed, we think, that a controversial press, with a dash of scurrility, is hardly the best school from which to draw statesmen, governors of provinces, and

important officers of the revenue. Yet Spain is obliged to resort to such fountains, as she is to resort to the barracks for another section of politicians, in the absence of a cultivated upper class with a sense of public duty.

A stranger who comes to reside in Spain, and who hears that her aristocracy still possess a half or two-thirds of the land of the country, is likely to fancy that the materials exist for founding a constitution that, embracing land, commerce, and the ability for which an open career has been long provided, might have a solidity unknown to the rest of the so-called Latin nations. But, in the face of realities, these visions vanish. There are plenty of people of a conservative turn of mind in Spain, who deplore the rule of adventurers, military and civil, seeing its effects on the character of the administration, far and wide; on the national finances; the development of national resources; credit abroad, and security at home. But in no case do such Spaniards look to their aristocracy for any help; and this is all the more startling to the stranger, because he has learned from his youth upwards to regard the Spaniards as an aristocratic nation by history and traditions. The truth is that, except as an element in the social life of Madrid — a life not representing the best old Spanish spirit, but modified by foreign dynasties and foreign manners, giving a colour of false brilliance to national decay — the Spanish nobility does not exist. The forms of a nobility exist, as the forms of lions and eagles do in the natural-history department of a museum; but there is no life. Were form alone regarded, the nobility of Spain would present an imposing spectacle, as it certainly does on paper. There are only some twenty English dukedoms and twenty English marquessates extant; whereas Spain has no less than eighty-two dukedoms and 729 marquessates. As such titles are in nearly every case heritable by females, it follows that several of each are concentrated upon the heads of individual nobles. The Duke de Osuna has eight dukedoms; the Duke de Medina-Celi five; the Duke de Berwick four; and so on — while ten marquessates also centre in the Duke de Osuna, twelve in the Duke de Medina-Celi, eight in the Duke de Berwick, and nine in the Duke de Frias. But, making every allowance for such multiplication of titles in particular persons usually grantees, the fact remains that there are many more dukes and marquesses alone in Spain,

than there are peers of all ranks whatever in England. And, then, we have to add to the said dukes and marquesses more than 500 condes or earls, with viscounts and barons into the bargain. We have enumerated here only the actual holders of these titles, the *Grandes de España*, and *Titulos del Reino*—the chiefs of families. But when we add that their children also bear titles, and that there is a large body of untitled nobles, only distinguished by the "de," we have done enough to show what a most powerful body the Spanish aristocracy might be, if it had the qualities and the training of a real aristocracy. It has sufficient antiquity to affect the popular imagination and gratify the historical sentiment of the country. We say "sufficient," because the proportion of houses of really ancient and illustrious descent in Spain is not larger than among ourselves—nay, the *proportion*, speaking strictly, is not so large, for hundreds of houses were advanced by the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, and few are those which can be proved to have been among the *ricos-hombres* in the days of the *Reyes-Catolicos* Ferdinand and Isabella. Giron and Velasco, La Cerda and Pimentel, Carvajal and Ponce de Leon, are very distinguished names; but they are not better names than Berkeley, Byron, Courtenay, Devereux, Stanley, or Talbot.

Then, again, the Spanish aristocracy has at no time been visited by destruction, like that of France. It has, in consequence of modern revolutions, been mulcted in some of its advantages, as when the *diezmos*, a kind of lay tithe, payable on certain lands, were abolished. But there has been no confiscation of estates, and landed property is still the chief property of Spain, which has never had commerce enough to create a class of millionaires capable of rivalling a nobility or buying them out. Madrid and grandeeism, the torpor induced by absolutism in State and Church, the low state of all education, private vices, and unhealthy habits, have reduced what ought to be the cream of the nation to a condition inferior to that of its poorest milk. Mr. Ford, Washington Irving, and the wisest modern observers, concur in having a good word always for the Spanish peasant. But the man of the towns and the upper classes has ceased to be the historical Spaniard, without mastering the essence of modern civilization, which yet he dabbles in from time to time, although never able to make up his mind to take heartily to the activity, enterprise, and frank, genial communication with foreign lands and foreigners which it requires.

The more hopeful Spaniards explain the nullity of their upper classes by the want of education, and hope great things from its gradual improvement. The scheme of national education is sufficiently extensive, and elaborate, and we may say of it, as of the aristocratic body, that, on paper, nothing could be more gratifying. The various educational establishments are placed, one above the other, in harmonious gradation. In the base we have the schools of primary instruction—*Primera Enseñanza*—with inspectors for each province, the provinces being divided into three classes, according to their importance. There are several classes of normal schools in this branch, and schools for the deaf-and-dumb and blind. Next comes the department of Secondary Instruction *Segunda Enseñanza*—which has *institutos* all over the kingdom—two at Madrid, and forty-eight in the provincial cities, from Alicante to Zamora. These *Institutos Provinciales de Segunda Enseñanza* answer to our grammar schools and public schools, and prepare the lads who are to enter the professions for the universities. The universities of Spain are ten in number—those of Madrid (called also the *Universidad Central*), Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Salamanca, Santiago, Seville, Valencia, Valladolid, and Saragossa. In all of them there are faculties of philosophy and letters, the exact and physical sciences, pharmacy, medicine, and law; while Madrid, Oviedo, Salamanca, Santiago, Seville, and Saragossa have also faculties of theology. The system looks complete and perfect enough. The only objection to so large a plan is that the country is not educated. A very large majority of the common people can neither read nor write. We have ourselves met with instances of rich old ladies unable to sign their own names. In the case of Spanish women, however, some allowance must be made, for it is well known that all education of the sex was long deliberately discouraged by the Church, and by those whose sympathies were with the Church up to quite recent times. The higher education is, relatively, no better than that of the lower. The unlucky nobility were deprived of their best chance by the forcible suppression, some years ago (on "Liberal" grounds) of their *Seminarios Nobles*, where they got a tincture of polite learning, at all events, chiefly, we believe, from the Jesuits. The institutes and universities cannot command, in Spain, adequately-instructed professors, after so many years of national ignorance; while religious bigotry for a

long time, and vulgar prejudice still, excluded, and excludes, professors from other countries. Hence, the law-professors complain that their pupils have not Latin enough to study their subjects; while the medical teachers teach from translations of foreign books, but have not skill sufficient to illustrate the theory by practice. Some of the universities can hardly keep their heads above water; and it is a fact that, within the last three years, it has been seriously intended to suppress the famous University of Salamanca. Accordingly, the more sensible Spaniards, who can afford it, send their children abroad for their education. But this can only partially affect the life of the nation, since a course of the national system is necessary to everybody entering the professions.

Much might be done for Spain by the introduction of foreigners, to which we have owed so much at different periods of our history in England. The foreigners who have settled hitherto have been chiefly ministers to small luxury — sellers of fancy-articles, confectioners, silk-mercers and makers of bonnets, perfumers, restaurateurs, and such people. These form the principal permanent colonists. The British immigrant has had rougher, harder, and more useful work to do. He has made the railways, driven the engines, and spoiled his own chances in such arts by teaching the natives, who supplant him on the first opportunity at lower wages. The Briton of the mechanic class had for a long time high wages in Spain, which he did not use very prudently. On one occasion, where an iron bridge was being made, it was found necessary to send to England, and to import from thence a giant, expressly to drive in certain nails. A giant was secured, and brought out to Spain regardless of expense. His first blow astounded the natives of Andalusia, who had seen nothing like it since the Good Sir James Douglas struck down the infidels on the field of Teba. But, alas! for the weaknesses of the great. The land was flowing with wine, which, in some parts of Spain, is more easily to be had than water. The giant proceeded to get drunk, and drunk he remained. His Delilah, the vine, ruined the British Samson, who was finally sent home as a distressed British subject by the Legation at Madrid. This national infirmity has done no little harm to the Briton abroad, and he is sometimes called *burracho*, a nickname which matches the far more hostile one of *gavacho* applied to the French. With regard to the higher and educated class of Englishmen, their

influence upon Spain might be excellent, if Spanish jealousy would permit. The neighbourhood of Gibraltar has done wonders for the cleanliness and civilization of Cadiz. But, whereas a Spanish medical man has a free career in Gibraltar, the diplomas of an English medical man are not allowed their fair value in Spain. A case of this sort has come to our knowledge, where the envy of the local faculty and the local university has been exerted for years against an English surgeon doing good service in their own city, and (here lies the sting) preferred by their countrymen to themselves. When Spanish doctors fled from an epidemic, the English doctor remained. Where they wrung heavy fees from the poorest of their countrymen, he spared the lean purse of the toiling and needy. So they have persisted (in the teeth of the English certificates) in recognizing him only in the lower walks of the profession, and he has been repeatedly forced to pay money in fines for the grievous offences of saving Spanish life, relieving Spanish suffering, and excelling Spanish doctors!

The state of the medical art, and of the national health, is, no doubt, one of the surest tests of a nation's civilization. The best Spanish physicians have studied at Montpellier and Paris. At home, they translate, as has been remarked, the foreign treatises; but their hospital practice is not good enough to form a body of skilled practitioners. Fluent talk is at once the gift and the curse of this, as of other divisions of Spanish life. It is true that the graduate in medicine is no longer forced to make oath that he will defend the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin; but there are customs hardly less absurd still existing. A certain form of crossing is practised to charm away erysipelas and face-swellings — not among the inland peasantry, but among the better sort of working people, and what we should call lower-middle-class people, in large cities, representing the most advanced Spanish life. The words which accompany the crossings are these: — "*Jesus is born, Jesus is dead, Jesus is crucified, and it is true that this evil is cured.*" The operator is generally some old woman of that curious class which gains its living, in Spain, by repeating *Aves* and other prayers, from house to house, on certain days of the week, for a copper or two each time. Then, the Spanish barber still bleeds; and the quack — the *pharmacopola circumforaneus* of antiquity — drives through the streets, on holidays, to draw teeth and sell drugs, amidst



an admiring crowd. Nor is his practice, it may be presumed, much inferior to that of higher practitioners. Men leave Spanish hospitals with legs badly set, and sores still sloughing. The diet is mean and miserable, and foreigners sink under it, for sheer want of nourishment and stimulants. And there are other evils of a different kind. These hospitals are often under ecclesiastical management; and the prior at their head naturally thinks the cure of the soul more important still than the cure of the body. He restricts the visits of the foreign chaplain to the narrowest range of time possible. He brings the instruments of conversion to bear upon the sick foreign mariner; and the British seaman, we believe—a man notoriously free from theological prejudices—not unfrequently listens to the voice of the ancient Church, with a dim hope that conversion will make the soup stronger, and, perhaps even bring to his bedside that bottled porter which, in the well-regulated naval hospitals of his land, adds a charm to the period of convalescence.

Yet Spain requires the best resources of physic and surgery, for the Spaniards are not healthy, if we take the nation as a whole. The muleteer, the peasant, the vine-grower, are brawny and brown, no doubt; and the climate, wisely used, is full of life and luxury. Madrid, on the other hand, is a city dangerous to health; and the towns of the Mediterranean are remarkable even for those diseases which we of the North seek their shores to subdue or to avoid. Thus: there is much consumption both at Cadiz and at the cooler Barcelona. The rural type degenerates in the towns more rapidly than among ourselves; and in some chief cities the population is gradually declining—a great misfortune to a country which is under-peopled; for Spain is really short of hands, as the condition of her agricultural districts shows; and she loses many by emigration, who go away, not for want of love of their native soil, or of elbow-room at home, but because some evil spell seems to rest upon the land, making everything insecure, and frightening off the wealth and intelligence which, steadily applied for a century, would transform the whole kingdom. There has of course, been some improvement during the last century; but it has been slow, and has met with serious interruptions. To complete what we have said of the health of Spain, let us note the large mortality among children prevailing in the cities. This is due, no doubt, partly to hereditary feebleness, but partly, also,

to bad sanitary conditions and obsolete modes of nursing—an excess of swaddling and coddling, with a minimum of air, water, and soap. That noble sight, a British infant exulting in its tub, excites only a shuddering wonder in a Spanish mother. The Spaniards take many precautions about their health. They are most careful of draughts; discreet in the use of fruit and cooling drinks; regular in their hours, with a constant eye to the variation of them according to the seasons and the position of their great friend—and yet enemy—the sun. They count the number of sea-baths they take in the summer; they change their clothes on fixed days; they go to bed, if they catch a cold, till they are rid of it. They are great people for drugs, and buy large quantities of quack medicines from every region of Europe. With all this, however, they tolerate disgraceful conditions of sewerage, neglect exercise and ablutions, and sap their constitutions by too early and too constant smoking. The stranger-resident, who studies their life—which to the tourist is a mere outside spectacle—is apt to be imperfectly satisfied with the excuse given for all shortcomings, that they are due to “mis-government.”

This excuse meets one on all hands, and embodies, no doubt, a good deal of historical truth. But it is time that it was reconsidered. The government of Spain is not a government by conquering foreigners, nor by a tyrannical upper class. Thirty years have passed since Liberalism established itself finally by arms; and if there have been intervals of reaction, these have been due to the successes of powerful parties, not less Spanish than their Progressista enemies. When the ex-Queen's policy threatened to become permanently hostile to Liberalism, her dynasty fell almost without a blow. The army, the Church, the bureaucracy, are recruited from the people. The Cortes are elected by universal suffrage. In short, the government of Spain is a reflection, as exact as the government of any other country, of the nation. A foreign critic does not find that the captains-general, civil governors, and other officers of the state are inferior to his non-official acquaintance. A director of the Board of Health may be a rogue, but so, just as often, is a coal-merchant; and a collector of Customs who winks at smuggling and is bribed, is only doing, in another form, what is done by the trader who allows his agent to use false weights, or cheats the foreign ship-owner out of his demurrage. If the rulers



of the country are long-winded and dilatory, the same fact is true of its men of business. It matters little to an Englishman, or Frenchman, whether he loses his money by placing it in the State's saving-bank, or is bled on the exchange by Logrero and Co., the usurers, who call themselves bankers. The central government of Spain, again, is not worse than the municipal governments; nor than the press; nor than the literature; nor than any other product of the general life. Unfortunately the Spaniards were so long dependent upon their rulers for everything, that they acquired the habit of looking to them for everything; and cannot but explain all short-comings still by there being something wrong at head-quarters. There is very much wrong there, no doubt. The absurdity lies in supposing that Spanish government is one thing, and Spain quite another; and that a monopoly of the failings and errors of a race *could* belong to the minority, drawn from its own bulk, with its own permission, and entrusted with the direction of their common interests.

Let us illustrate this view a little by comparing the weak points of the government of Spain with the weak points of that branch of its life most severe upon such government — the branch of commerce. The cardinal vices of the first are — want of business habits, and want of personal integrity. What any Spanish government officer's way of doing business is, people who have dealings with those officers best know. Questions are hung up for weeks, or never answered at all. Documents submitted in support of applications are lost — a fate, by the way which often happens to passports deposited with the authorities pursuant to orders. Invitations to public ceremonies reach the invited person an hour before the ceremony begins. You are never sure of finding a functionary at his post. Sometimes he is out, or, *está comiendo*, he is eating; or you get a glimpse of him in his shirt-sleeves smoking a cigarette. Probably there will be a towel hanging out to dry from one of the front windows of a captain-general's palace; and the quarters of such a potentate with their cracked roof, tawdry gilding gone to decay, dirty floor, and loafers in uniform spitting about, are less respectable than those of a minor pasha in Syria or the Levant. This queer, shiftless fashion of living and working, a sort of official "hugger-mugger," which a man must be in practical contact with in order to appreciate it, contrasts strikingly

with the pompous, high-flying tone of the correspondence which emerges from amidst the dingy finery of such abodes of power. Our own official style is ludicrous enough, and would seem to suggest that the younger clerks are set to practise upon her Majesty's officers abroad. But the Spanish red-tape style rolls out like ribbons from the mouth of a conjuror. The adjectives walk three abreast. When a Consul finds himself addressed *Vuestra Señoría*, your Lordship, and his "elevated penetration" is appealed to, in the matter of the theft of a couple of buckets from the brig *Sally*, he may be excused for grinning at the flattering despatch. And of course he must be ready with plenty of "flapdoodle" in return, and must take care to conclude by subscribing himself the *atento, seguro servidor de V. S. — Q. B. S. M.*, the last letters representing that figurative kissing of the hand which is expected from all polite persons in Spain. The Spaniards are by no means deficient in humour, and their humour is of a kind more congenial to Englishmen than the brilliant comedy of the French. There is a kind of simplicity and interest in small things also about them, which seems equally out of harmony with the formality of which we have been speaking, and therodomontade of some of their best orators. But they are as serious as the grave in all matters of etiquette. And the only misfortune is, that while all this official etiquette is going on, the un-released prisoner is languishing in a gaol where he has not a bed to sleep upon; the merchant-ship is wasting precious time in the harbour, protesting in vain against a custom-house fine, imposed for some innocent breach of useless form, and to be divided among the custom-house officers; and the London or Hamburg house of business is longing for a decision in some law-case, the papers in which count by reams, and which will be settled by judges whose tenure of office is precarious — a few, it is said, resembling that judge whom Quevedo told —

O lávate las manos con Pilatos,  
O con la bolsa ahórcate con Judas —

to wash his hands with Pilate, or to hang himself with Judas.

But, if procrastination, long-windedness and the rest, be the failings of the governing men of Spain, let foreigners trading to Spain be asked whether they are not found also among the men of trade? Why are the Spanish ports the dearest, and the slowest to work in, of the ports of the Mediterranean? Governmental errors

alone will not explain this — not even the late new Custom-House *Ordenanzas*, which have led to constant annoyance and expense, and against which foreign Governments that respect themselves ought to protest — and act if necessary. The merchant sets about his business very like the official, postponing everything he can till the inevitable *mañana*, sure that the captain will rather lose his overtime than attempt to seek justice from the Spanish law. He, too, like the official, is frequently out of the way when he is wanted, and is in the habit of encumbering business by intolerable verbiage. On the delicate point of "integrity," he would find it difficult to make out a better case for himself than the public servants to whom he attributes the calamities of his country. That custom-house and quarantine people may be bought, is, in Spain, an admitted truth; and one which makes us feel rather alarmed than otherwise, by the announcement of the new Finance Minister that public salaries generally are to be reduced. But is there no "picking and stealing" on the part of the mercantile houses which import goods into the cities of the Mediterranean? We should like to hear the British skipper on that point — provided only that he used no more expletives than he thought absolutely necessary. Why, the pilfering of our British coals, at such places, goes on systematically, and is a matter of general notoriety. It is done partly by the use of false weights, and partly by skilful peculation during the process of weighing or in lighters. Of course, the vessel turns out "short" — as a gentleman is apt to turn out "short" in the matter of handkerchiefs after a ramble through particular districts of London. The vessel loses a certain percentage of freight and cargo, and the coal stolen goes to enrich the Spaniard who steals. No wonder that the agents of certain Barcelona houses have — with the cognizance of those houses — grown gradually rich. But how are such houses more respectable than the minister who jobs a concession; the judge who sells a decision; the colonel who empties the regimental chest; or the governor of an island who allows slaves to be landed, contrary to law, at so much for every woolly head? We fail to see.

There is another point worth notice in the question between the mercantile classes and Madrid. The former resist every attempt of a minister of finance to facilitate freedom of trade or to give fair play to foreign flags. They are, in fact,

more narrow-minded, in every way, than the inferior shopkeepers of other nations. All their notions of business are narrow and timid; they shrink from enterprise, and dread risk; they hoard, they haggle; they play little tricks to get an advantage. When a prosperous Spanish city wants anything, it never occurs to it to act as Glasgow acted when she wanted a new University. They call for the help of the central power, which is in arrears with its servants of all kinds, from archbishops to village schoolmasters; which allowed the Cortes to break up this summer without having passed any budget at all; which borrows money at high interest, and then more money to pay interest, and then more money to pay the interest of the interest, and so on *ad infinitum*. "Business," in all its forms, is the weak point of the whole system of life in Spain. The tobacco-monopoly of Government is so managed that the *estancos*, or official shops, often run short of tobacco, and you see their doors mobbed. The paving of large cities, and the support of charitable institutions, can only be carried on by raffles or lotteries. The Government lottery, drawn every fortnight, is one of the surest resources of the administration, which receives from it twenty-five per cent. Nearly every municipal government, meanwhile, is insolvent, mainly owing to the *octroi*, or tax upon *consumos*, having been sacrificed to revolutionary clamour in 1838. Yet, with all this poverty, public and private, and with a mendacity more general, shameless, and hideous in its exposure of physical horrors than now exists in any other country, the Spaniards, as foreigners often remark, seem always to have money for their amusements. To be sure, their amusements are not dear, and they can pass hours in a splendid café by an expenditure of twopence-halfpenny,\* or get a stall at a good Italian opera for less than a fourth of what it would cost in London. But still the fact is worth noting. It may be partially explained by the frugality of the general life of the country, which, if one lives as the natives live, is a cheap country enough. The Spaniard is thrifty from habit, and only showy at intervals, from ostentation. He will live on a floor, some stories up, eating the mild *puchero*, and drinking the *vin ordinaire* of his province; and, suddenly, bury his wife with eight horses to the hearse, crowned with

\* Madrid, of course, is distinctly dearer from every point of view, than any other city in Spain. Madrid lives upon Spain, — better than Spain.

feathers and glittering with tinsel, accompanied by little boy-pages in sable top-boots. Grave in outward bearing, he is a child in his love of show, or of a gossip; bragging always of Spain, he grudges a peseta for any public object, and privately assures his foreign friends that the condition of the country is deplorable. If he works, it is less from ambition than from a desire to secure the means of pottering through life in a narrow circle, with occasional outbursts of calculated display. The national temperament, indolent, but needing periodical excitement;—having one side of torpid acquiescence and easiness, and another side of feverish vanity and ambition—would probably explain, could one know it well enough, much that seems so difficult to understand in the national politics. Spanish life rolls between stimulants and sedatives;—gambling and tobacco;—revolutions which are to amend everything, and despotic reactions welcomed as bringing peace.

Spanish amusements and manners, however, might well demand a special essay to themselves, and we have been employed this time upon the graver aspects of Spain's social condition. In sports, and in the lighter social ways of life, Spain of course is changing, but slowly. The bull-fight is said to be on the wane, but we see no strong evidence of that. The new King and Queen thought it politic to attend one

this summer; and even those ladies who prefer keeping away, virtually countenance the performance by making up ornaments of ribbons, or coloured paper, to deck the weapons which the *banderilleros* dart into the hide of the tortured beast. Indeed there have been this summer, exhibitions of bull-fights by boys trained to the art, which have been celebrated as a pleasing novelty in many cities. The bull-fight has a long career before it, and many thousand broken-down cab-horses have yet to be ripped up in public, for the amusement of the Spanish nation. On the other hand, the characteristic national drama is never (or scarcely ever) played: the old dances, and old costumes, are wearing away; and with them, something of that stately and ceremonious politeness of manners, which our Raleighs, Sydneys, Devereuxes admired even in enemies; and which pleased the most critically fastidious of all aristocrats,—the Duc de St. Simon. On one point the Spaniard is a sound Conservative. He steadily sets his face against that weak custom of hospitality, that idle entertainment of guests at his house, which the bad example of some Northern countries is diffusing among others of the Latin races. He is faithful to the curious old proverb of his ancestors which says, that the pleasantest day of a visit is the day on which the visitor goes away!

AMERICA has lost one of her greatest naturalists. Dr. John Edwards Holbrook, one of the most eminent zoologists and comparative anatomists of the United States, has recently died at Wrentham, in Massachusetts. One who knew him intimately favours us with the following details:—Dr. Holbrook, born at Beaufort in South Carolina in 1795, educated in New England, and graduated at Brown University, in Rhode Island, subsequently studied in Philadelphia, Edinburgh, and London. In 1842 he published a large work on the reptiles of the United States, with costly plates (mostly at his own expense), which at that period were only rivalled by Audubon, in another department. In 1824 he was chosen Professor of Anatomy in the University of South Carolina, and in later years he was engaged upon a work on the Ichthyology of the United States, which prom-

ised to be one of the greatest scientific achievements of his country. But the recent war broke in upon his labours. His beautiful estate, near Charleston, where so many European savans have been hospitably entertained, was no longer a habitation for culture and the resort of science. Amid the ravages, however, of civil war, his library was spared; and if his oaks were cut down—those “live oaks” of great age and beauty, of which he was so proud and fond—his unpublished plates were saved, and will be valued by the coming student. Dr. Holbrook was extensively known upon this side of the water, and was a member of many foreign academies. In his own home the close companion of Agassiz, the friend of Peirce, of Treadwell, of Bancroft his name will not be forgotten in London, where eminent names are always best remembered. Spectator.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## PATTY'S LETTER.

"NUNA, dear, don't be away long," said the weak weary voice behind the bed-curtains, "I miss you so."

Nuna gave a pleased, grateful smile, and moved quietly out of the room.

She had only been a few days at Ashton but she had grown quickly used to her new position. She had taken her place by Elizabeth's bedside on that sadly anxious night, and she had scarcely left it since. When her stepmother regained consciousness and recognized her, Nuna checked the broken words that faltered from the sick woman by a loving kiss; and the sentence just uttered was the first expression of thankfulness she had received; but Elizabeth's eyes had spoken, and, in the new atmosphere of love and confidence in which Nuna found herself, her being seemed to expand; her power of thought and care for others developed with the suddenness with which such a power grows in a loving nature, from which it has not been actively claimed. For the first time she found her easy, gentle movements actually useful; they seemed to soothe her patient.

Mrs. Fagg's quiet, cheerful presence in the sick room had been very helping, though Nuna had scarcely had any talk with her — anxiety had been too urgent — but her impressionable nature learned more of nursing in those few hours of association than she could have thought possible.

It was Mrs. Fagg who had now come up from the "Bladebone" to take Nuna's place, for an hour or two, with Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'll be sure to lie down now, won't you, ma'am?" — she followed Nuna out on to the landing — "and there's a letter for you on the study table."

Nuna sped down stairs. She had not expected to hear again from Paul.

She had received one kind little note, in which he told her he had made a new acquaintance, Lord Charles Seton. "I met him at Sir Henry Wentworth's. He has a capital face for painting; and when I told him I had been wanting a face like his for my Academy picture, he offered in the frankest way to sit to me. He is really charming. You must see him when you come home."

Nuna had read this note over and over and kissed it, and committed those follies some wives are apt to commit at sight of a husband's letter; but yet she had sighed

— sighed. She would almost have preferred some blame if the rest of the letter had been lover-like. She had written to him so fondly, and now she felt ashamed of her words. She knew her letter must have crossed Paul's; "he will think mine exaggerated and silly," she had said.

Therefore, at Mrs. Fagg's announcement, her eyes glowed with rapture; this was an answer to all the silliness she had blushed for.

She was so glad to find the study empty. She saw nothing in the room but that piece of white on the blackness of the writing table.

"Not Paul's!" The glow faded; the large dark eyes brimmed over in an instant; there was no one there to see her, and Nuna stood beside the table and cried.

"What a baby I am!" — a bright smile came as she wiped her eyes, — "is this the way I am going to act out my good resolutions? I thought I was not to think of self any more. Am I for ever going to be satisfied with intentions only?"

You see, Nuna had had more time for actual self-communion in those long hours beside her stepmother's bed than she had ever had in her life before; and truth comes out fearlessly when there is no sunshine to shame her nakedness; she has no need of the veils and wrappings which have a way of disguising her altogether.

Nuna opened the letter; the handwriting was quite unknown, but instinct told her, at once, who was her correspondent.

She changed colour while she read; indignant surprise and fear chased each other as she went on; but when she ended, a look of determined indignation was paramount.

The letter was from Patty.

"DEAR MRS. WHITMORE,

"Your husband has been dining with us, and we have planned to go abroad together in a week's time. I dare say Mr. Whitmore will write and tell you all about it; but as I know husbands are forgetful, I think it better to invite you myself to join our party.

"I fancy you will like to go with us, although I believe artists never take their wives about with them on their sketching expeditions, and you are doubtless often left alone, and are used to it. I think this little holiday will be highly advantageous to your husband. Mr. Downes has most influential foreign acquaintances, and you may be sure he will recommend Mr. Whit-

more to their notice; and your husband is such a real friend of mine, that I feel we shall enjoy our journey together. I take Miss Coppock with me, so that you will always have a companion, even if I cannot be at your service.

"I hope you will come.

"Yours truly,

"ELINOR M. DOWNES."

Nuna rose up, dilating with passion.

"Insolent—yes, I will go; I will not yield Paul tamely up to the amusement of this woman. She does not love him; she could not write of him in this way if she did; but she will not give up his admiration. Oh, how can one woman be so cruel to another!"

She could not follow Mrs. Fagg's advice. There was no use in lying down; her whole body was full of movement; in her vehement anger against Patty the blood seemed to course through her veins like fire. She excused Paul for dining in Park Lane; he might have told her perhaps, but then it might have been a sudden invitation, unlooked for, when he wrote his note.

Mr. Beaufort came in; and her indignation had to pause: he was more cheerful than usual; he had begun already to look forward to these stray bits of chat with his daughter. It was a change to find her sweet, loving eyes with a welcome in them, after his late loneliness.

And Nuna had specially exerted herself to amuse him,—had been more like the arch, bright child of former days than the absent, dreamy, girl of the months that had followed Mary's death. To-day, she forgot all her new resolutions; forgot her father's presence, even. She sat silent, self-absorbed, till Mr. Beaufort's weary sighs roused her.

He was tired; his head ached; now he came to think of it, he had a nervous pain in his knee, which made him feel quite sick. The clock struck; and Nuna looking at her watch saw that it was time to release Mrs. Fagg. She felt miserable; she must go now, and leave her poor sad father to his hipped fancies; if she had only been less selfish, if she had thought of him, she might have changed his whole atmosphere of thought, and have let in such a flood of sunny brightness, that even when alone his brooding fretfulness would have been scared away.

She left him as heavy-hearted as she was herself.

"There's no good in me at all," she thought, sadly: "I may have the will to improve, but I've no memory for it;—as careless in that as in the rest."

Mrs. Beaufort slept sounder to-night, and Nuna slept too.

When she opened her eyes, and saw the room full of light, it seemed to her that she was dreaming. Surely the night had not gone; she had had no rest in sleep; she had been moving from one place to another, always in pursuit of Patty—Patty who had seemed for ever indistinct, though not invisible; and who held a black screen between Nuna and her husband.

Nuna rose softly from the sofa on which she had been lying, and passed into the dressing-room adjoining. She opened the window. How genially the fresh pure air rushed in to release the fevered atmosphere of the sick room! How sweetly the birds were twittering to each other! The calves were bleating for their mothers in the yard hard by; there was that cheerful stir of country life which tells that another day has begun, and that men and dumb creatures are alike up and ready for it, going forth to their labour with willingness and good cheer.

"And I am not ready for another day," Nuna sighed. "Each day makes my load heavier. Oh, if I could only forget it all!"

The postman's horn sounded earlier than usual.

Jane came up presently with Mrs. Beaufort's breakfast, and a letter for Mrs. Whitmore.

Paul's handwriting this time. Nuna's heart throbbed so, that she stayed in the dressing-room to read. She feared Elizabeth would notice her agitation.

It was only a short letter, to tell her he had been asked to join Lord Charles Seton on a sketching expedition in the interior of France, and Spain; he did not count on being away more than a month or so.

"I will not go if you really dislike the plan," he ended, "but I frankly tell you I am pleased at the prospect of seeing Spain, with some one who has already been there. Write, and tell me what you think about it."

Nuna put the letter down, and, passed her hand across her forehead, to clear her brain as it were, from the mist that obscured it.

What was this—falsehood—from Paul? "Why does he say nothing about her?" she cried, in anguish. "Does he not think I could bear anything easier than deceit? What shall I do? Oh, I shall go mad!"

She had thought Paul cold and neglectful, and careless of her love; but to deceive her! She had never felt as she did now—his judge.



And yet it was not the same sort of tempest that had risen in her soul at sight of Patty's picture. Something in the truth of Nuna's love told her that Paul was true, although he did not love her; and though this last thought was bitter, and though her jealousy still tried at intervals to gain a hearing, still she could not believe that such a woman as Patty could win more than admiration from her husband. The agony which gnawed at her heart, which took all light and colour from her hopes of winning Paul's love, was his want of trust.

"I see it now," she said, while scalding tears blistered the letter she still held, though she could no longer see it. "He cannot forget my jealousy; he will not mention her name, because he thinks I should never consent to his going with her. In his mercy for my silliness, he would not have told me of any companion beside Lord Charles Seton. Ah, Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, "you might have trusted your poor, foolish, little wife. Neither love nor trust! How am I to live out my life without either? If I could only die and leave him free!"

"Second thoughts are best;" "Impulse is often a dangerous guide;" and yet, in spite of these two sage maxims, one rarely repents of having answered a letter in the first flush of affectionate feeling.

But Mrs. Beaufort was so disturbed at sight of Nuna's red eyes and swollen eyelids, that she grew restless and feverish; and some hours passed away before Nuna had leisure or quiet.

Her feelings had had time to chill when Mrs. Fagg came to release her.

It was plain that Paul wished to go; and that he had no thought of or desire for her presence on the journey — why should she thwart him?

"If he can be happy away from me for so long, why should I interfere? He certainly will not love me any the better for keeping him against his will, and from what he evidently considers enjoyment."

She writhed at this, but she was fast hardening against her husband.

There is this fearful result attached to selfishness that it never contents itself with injury to its producer; almost every selfish act tends to harden some one or other against whom it is exercised; and, just as water has the magical power of drawing water to itself, selfishness develops the same quality which may have been lying latent elsewhere.

Nuna's would hardly have been called a selfish nature. She had not lived active-

ly for herself; but she had never yet realized the lesson that must be learned sooner or later — and for her own real happiness the sooner a woman learns it, the better — that she must live actively for those among whom her lot is cast; and that she may, if she so wills, change every little cross and vexation of daily life, into a sacrifice of love — not in that way of self-conscious martyrdom which is only another form of selfishness, but the hidden joy of a heart which is striving, ever so unworthily, to tread the way of the Cross.

Nuna sat thinking.

"Am I never to come to reality in my life?" she said; but there were no streaming eyes now; the slender fingers lay listlessly in her lap; they were not twisting and writhing as they had in the morning. "I never remember a time when I was not looking forward; how long is this to go on?" She got up, and paced up and down her bedroom. Women like Nuna keep their childhood longer than others; but when they develop, and it is usually some outer shock which causes this development, the growth is startling.

"I am not a child." She stopped suddenly, and looked around her: all those tiny trifles, left untouched in her room, memories of the vague dreamy time which suddenly swept away from her for ever, had lost interest in her eyes. "I shall never have more faculties than I have now — I shall never have any one to depend on or consult." Some sobs tried for escape, but she kept them back. "I shall never be younger or prettier — if I ever was pretty;" a scornful pity for herself curled her lips. "Why should I think I can ever be more attractive to Paul than I have been? He only cares for looks in a woman; and he does not care for mine. He doesn't dislike me — his note shows that; besides, till now, I don't think he has tried to deceive me; but he and I understand love differently — which of us is right, I wonder?"

Nuna kept walking up and down, thinking; still thinking. Time was slipping away; she knew that Mrs. Fagg's visit would soon be over, and then she must return to her post.

The longer she thought, the more useless it seemed to her to indulge hope as to her future life with Paul.

Once a wild idea had come of going away, hiding herself — and so leaving him free to choose a wife who could win his love; but though the weeds of neglect



had choked much of Nuna's early teaching, her good angel had not been quite repulsed; something within her shrank from a wilful breaking of her marriage vow.

At last, a resolution came; and in her over-wrought state she thought it must be right, because it would give her pain to act it out.

"I must go back to Paul—there is no help for it." She stopped and suppressed with renewed self-contempt, the leap her heart gave at the thought of seeing him again, "but I must try to live his life, not my own. I must not think him wrong because he cannot love as I love. How do I know that my wild, undisciplined nature has not made me more craving after love than other women are? I used to laugh at Elizabeth's notions. Was she right, after all? She seems only calmly fond of my father. Mrs. Bright, too—how she is able to talk of her dead husband quietly, peacefully, as if he had only been her friend. Surely, if I strive for indifference, it must come; and then, when Paul no longer fears being tormented by my jealousy or my love, he may at least treat me with confidence."

She sat down, and wrote, keeping watch on every word, lest it should show any impatience at his absence, or anxiety for his return: she tried to write simply, as if Patty's letter had never reached Ashton, and yet, spite of herself, the guarded words had a chill in them which expressed haughtiness and displeasure.

She finished it at last, and fastened the envelope.

"I have thought too long already; I will send it without more delay."

She went towards the sick room: Jane came out of the door as she reached it.

"I've been sitting with mistress, please, ma'am. Mrs. Fagg said, as you looked so poorly, you mustn't be disturbed: she's been gone this half-hour. It's too late for the letter, ma'am," she added, glancing at Nuna's hand.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

SOME days have gone by; the weather has changed; it ought not to be autumn yet, but there is a chilly feel in the evening air. Mrs. Downes shivers as she sits on board the steamer, and she sends Miss Coppock down to fetch warmer wrappings. Lying on the deck near her, almost at her feet, is Lord Charles Seton; and the two

men pacing up and down, while they smoke, are Paul Whitmore and Mr. Downes.

Both are silent; and both, though the previous talk between them would not have led them to guess it, are thinking of their wives—thinking, too, that they have respectively just cause for dissatisfaction with them.

Marriage has acted differently on these men, as it must always act on diverse degrees of love. Mr. Downes has been selfish and worldly, but he married his wife only because he loved her; and the very disappointment her cold return to his affection caused, has developed in her husband a patience and an unselfishness which perhaps nothing else might have elicited: the most unselfish wives do not always belong to the least selfish husbands.

Paul often asked himself lately why he had married his wife. The impression that Nuna had made on his fancy, he knew, would easily have been obliterated, and he found himself deprived of the freedom which he considered belonged to him, by the presence of a companion he seemed to have no power of making happy.

"Nuna is discontented by nature," he said to himself, as they paced up and down. "Of course she is superior in many ways to Patty; but how easily she takes life! it refreshes one to hear her silvery laugh, even when she laughs at nothing."

But Paul's face grew graver as he thought of Nuna's last letter; he considered it sullen and rebellious.

"I shall take my time about writing again," he thought. "I can quite fancy she wrote that letter off in a fit of temper. I never knew Nuna had a temper till that affair of the picture. She's jealous again, I suppose, that I should get beyond her apron-string. Well, she must come to her senses. I will write, as soon as we make a decided halt, and tell her where to address letters. I daresay she's happy enough; in that first letter she said they were all so kind."

At the remembrance of that first letter a thrill of keen disappointment made itself felt. Any one looking at Paul's determined face would have said there was a spasm of jealous anger there—but it was anger against himself. He had read Nuna's first note hurriedly, but its lovingness brought back for a moment the self-created vision he had had during his lonely watch on the pier.

He would not have nourished resentment against his wife if he had been better satisfied with himself. He was not quite so much to blame as Nuna had thought him, for when Patty wrote to his wife, Mr. Downes had only given a half consent to the foreign journey; and it had been at first arranged that Paul and Lord Charles Seton should start together, and join the others at Bruges. But when this plan had been overruled by Mrs. Downes's, quiet tact, it seemed to Paul that it would only vex Nuna, and that, as he meant to keep aloof from the Downes's there was no occasion to tell his wife the names of all his travelling companions.

As to his visit to Park Lane, he had gone to meet Lord Charles Seton, and really no husband was bound to tell his wife where he passed all his time during her absence; and yet, though he said all this to himself, Paul Whitmore was not happy, or content.

"It is all her fault!" His companion's silence gave his thoughts no respite.

"I begin to fancy Nuna is coming out in a truer light; till now I seem never to have understood her. She seemed a sweet timid creature, without a will of her own. I hate men to ill-use their wives. I'm sure I have always been kind to Nuna—I always mean to be kind—but if she thinks I am going tamely to submit to be managed, she is very much mistaken."

He gave a long weary sigh at the picture his words had called up—a life spent with a jealous woman—jealous of every word or look which he might give to any other, and jealous and exacting as to her own rights.

"Pritchard was right," he said, sullenly. "I ought never to have married unless I could have found some one easy-tempered and indulgent enough to adapt herself to my erratic ways. I am not like other men; and if Nuna really loved me, she would have found that out. My mother always understood me; but then, was there ever a woman like my mother?"

It is a holy and happy thought for a mother to look forward to this sort of canonization in a son's memory; but for the sake of that son's future happiness, and the partner who will share it, it might be well if mothers would teach their darlings to live a little for the happiness of others. Slavish worship, however aptly precepts may be uttered along with it, must teach active selfishness.

An impatient turn in the midst of the walk made Paul look at his companion.

Mr. Downes left him, and went up to his wife.

"Won't you come and walk up and down, Elinor? I think you may take cold, sitting there."

"Thank you, no; I am so comfortable. Miss Coppock has brought me a warm shawl;"—she smiled sweetly in her husband's face—"go back to Mr. Whitmore, Maurice; he gets dull if he is left alone."

But Mr. Downes had been remarking the careless ease of Lord Charles Seton's admiration; he did not choose it to be shown so publicly on the open deck of the steamer. Mr. Downes loved his wife too well to think she would persist in encouraging this admiration if he showed decided disapproval.

"I really think you had better walk up and down," he said, in so grave a voice that Patty looked up with an amused smile on her lips. She saw the vexation on his face.

"You dear old fidget," she said, but she made no attempt to move, and her eyes were not smiling.

Lord Charles looked at Mr. Downes, and he began to have a dim consciousness that all was not as bright as it seemed, and that he was rather in the way. He got up, and strolled after Paul.

Patty sat waiting till he was out of hearing; but her husband's impatience broke loose.

"Why don't you do what I ask? I'm tired of this nonsense." He spoke so roughly, that the blue eyes were raised to his in sudden, unfeigned wonder. Patty was not surprised at her husband's vexation, but she was disturbed that he had found courage to express it; she was disconcerted, too; it seemed to her that the tactics which De Mirancourt had assured her would prove infallible in keeping well with her husband had not succeeded. This sort of behaviour was unjustifiable on his part. She never interfered with him in anything—why should he interfere with her?

"Poor Maurice! I thought he understood himself better. He always says he takes pride and pleasure in seeing me admired. What has Lord Charles done that Maurice has not seen done by others a hundred times before?"

And as long as Mr. Downes was ignorant that Patty could prefer any one's society to his own, he had delighted in the homage paid to her; and, if Patty had loved him, he would have been safe in this delight, even if the worship paid her had been doubled. There is something shield-

ing in love, even in women who have but vague ideas of a higher safeguard. When husband and wife are truly one — only halves when separated — love makes a woman callous to all but one opinion; perhaps, the truest and most single-hearted wives are the most simple and the least addicted to primness in their dealings with other men, because it could not occur to them to find any companionship equal to that of their husbands.

But Mr. Downes had gradually, and against his will, arrived at a doubt most humiliating to his self-esteem, and to a higher and better feeling than mere self-esteem. Just now as he came up to Patty and her companions, he had seen a look of weariness, of annoyance even, come upon his wife's face, and this was caused by his approach; she was plainly happier without him. It was not his first warning, but he had been incredulous; and in London Mrs. Downes had been more guarded; she had no simplicity to enable her to dare the world's opinion. Lord Charles Seton, too, had been so bewitched by Patty's picturesque appearance in travelling gear, far more becoming to her loveliness than the dazzling attire she delighted in, that he had forgotten everything as he sat there gazing up into her eyes with undisguised admiration.

His creed was that all beauty was made to be looked at. He had a way of thanking heaven he was free from prejudices, and ancient errors, and of talking of extinct superstitions and the modern growth of thought; he had picked up these notions orally at the university, and probably understood as much about the first as the last. He was the son of a Duke, he was very attractive both in person and manners, and he expected to succeed to a large property on the death of his cousin, Sir Henry Wentworth; but Paul Whitmore had already discovered him to be shallow-witted and ignorant, and altogether a most undesirable acquaintance for Mrs. Downes.

Patty had not answered her husband: she wanted him to reconsider the tone in which he had spoken; presently he said more quickly, —

"You will get chilled if you sit too long. Come and walk up and down."

"That's better," said Patty to herself; "but not right yet. He never must get his own way: it doesn't do for men; if they get it once, then they want to have it always."

"How you tease, you dear old Maurice! Why can't you sit down by me?"

Mr. Downes felt ashamed of himself; he was just beginning a penitent speech.

Patty turned her head ever so little to look after the two smokers, and her husband saw the movement; he made no effort to sit beside his wife; he stood stiff, and sullen.

"You must put an end to this nonsense at once, Elinor. I am not blaming you; I dare say you don't know it, but you will attract attention, and you'll have that young fool in love with you if you give him this kind of encouragement."

Patty sank back among her cushions, and clapped her hands.

"You dear, old thing," — she laughed as if she were carried out of herself by the absurdity of her husband's words; "in love with me! How good that is, and how ungrateful you are; all this time I have been making myself a martyr. I have given up that clever Mr. Whitmore, who really can talk, that you might have him all to yourself, and actually I have tried to amuse that overgrown schoolboy, just to keep him from disturbing you. He bores Mr. Whitmore to death, I can see, by his amateur notions of art. I'm ashamed of you, Maurice. In love! why, it would be most amusing. I suppose you'll be jealous of your young brothers when they come to see me; I shall just punish you, and make them fall in love with me. If you are going to be jealous, dear, don't begin with a boy! Very well, you shall have your own way: to-morrow I expect you to take this good-looking bore off my hands and let me amuse myself with Mr. Whitmore; at least, you will not be jealous of him, I imagine."

Mr. Downes looked sheepish, and still rather sullen, but he sat down beside her in silence. Patty offered him half of her warmest cloak, and drew it around him with her dimpled velvet hand and looked sweetly into his eyes; and although it was in her husband's mind to ask her to let the two young men amuse each other, and reserve her companionship for himself, he shrank from that silvery laughter and felt as if it would be priggish; and for the time peace was restored.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

#### AN APPEAL.

DAYS were slipping rapidly away, shortening as each went by. The fields grew more and more golden; scarlet, and blue, and ragged yellow flowers took the places of their more softly tinted fellows. The hedges, too, were fast putting on a fruit

livery; only the wild clematis lingered, gracing every bush as it flung out over them its twining pennons.

But Nuna saw none of the lovely painting by which Nature was gradually changing summer into autumn; her days were spent in feverish impatience.

Every morning brought a new despair, only conquered by the fresh hope that sprang from it, that the next post might bring a letter from her husband. He had not written once since he went away; the only answer to her acceptance of his proposal had been a telegram, telling her that they were starting three days sooner than he had expected.

In the reaction that came to Nuna after she had despatched her letter, she had almost resolved to hurry up to London, and bid her husband at least an affectionate farewell; but the telegram proved that this idea had come too late; and she could not leave Mrs. Beaufort: she felt sure there must be risk in giving her any cause for agitation.

But in the days that had gone by since then, the invalid had mended rapidly; her clinging to Nuna seemed to strengthen, and the irritation which convalescents always vent on one or other of their attendants appeared to have concentrated itself on her husband, instead of on his daughter.

"She is fractious, and no mistake," Mrs. Fagg remarked when poor Mr. Beaufort had gone out of the room looking as if he had been whipped; "but, dear me, Miss Nuna, it's only natural; it's all that there restlessness and want of sleep coming out on the tongue. You see when married folk get crooked it's orkard for 'em to get straight unless they're by themselves." Nuna turned away so as to hide her face from observation, but Mrs. Fagg went on, "Why, bless you, ma'am, if Dennis was to say—I don't say he do—but if he forgot himself and spoke cross to me when we was alone, I should shake it off as a dog does water; but before folk may be it would be different. Bless you, it's just one of the ways which shows us the poor silly things we are."

Nuna looked round at the landlady. She had been used to Mrs. Fagg's condemnation of others, it was new to hear her put herself on the list; and yet, something undefinable except in a general softening of voice and look had told her before to-day that the past year had worked some change in the mistress of the "Blade-bone."

"How is that?" Nuna smiled.

"Put it to yourself, ma'am, if Mr. Whitmore was to speak, I'll say careless like: well, if you was with him alone, you'd go, I know you would,"—Nuna was blushing deeply at this home-thrust,— "and put your arms round his neck, or hold up your face to be kissed; you'd think it was your fault, fast enough. Bless you, Miss Nuna, you was always the same; them's sillinesses, no doubt, for the men have their tempers as well as ourselves, but there's sillinesses as is safe and as is meant to be, because you see their pattern's in nature. But now look here, ma'am, if one of your old friends was by, Mrs. Bright now, or Mr. Will,"—Mrs. Fagg gave a quick sharp glance to see if her words had offended,— "you'd feel yourself ill-used, quite upset like, and unless you had a chance of making up may be you'd carry a sore heart, worrying yourself as to how you could have vexed Mr. Whitmore."

The sudden wonder in her listener's face gave Mrs. Fagg a hint of the truth. "That's all silliness, you know that, ma'am, as well as I do, but we're all alike at first beginning, high and low, we're all just men and women, neither more nor less; and if we looked at things straight and fair, we should see they must be the some. Any way, we've only got to look at things themselves, and not think of others or what they think."

"Yes, you're right, Mrs. Fagg," said Nuna meditatively.

"We're most on us, I take it, ma'am, sent into the world to do some one plain dooty; and with us womenfolk as are married and have to make just one man happy, what call have we to go fretting and worritting about other folks thinking of what happens atwixt us? Bless you, Miss, women are such fools; most on 'em lives as much for pleasing other folk as for pleasing their own husband."

Nuna was in a reverie far off from the subject of talk, but a movement in Mrs. Beaufort's room recalled it.

"Do you mean about Mrs. Beaufort that it would be better for me to go home again? You mean, I think, that I come between them," she said.

Mrs. Fagg looked at her with a sort of reverent pity.

"Bless her dear heart! she's not changed a bit, just as willing to be guided as ever. Asking me what I think, indeed! I've a notion"—here Mrs. Fagg paused; whatever the notion was, she kept it back with a shake of the head, as if, like a refractory child, it wanted quieting.

"No, ma'am, not exactly; but I think

it might be good for you and them too, if you was to go over for a day or so to Gray's Farm; only yesterday your poor papa said Mrs. Bright was begging and praying of him to send you."

The Rector was always "your poor papa" in Mrs. Fagg's discourse to Nuna. She pitied Mrs. Beaufort; but the time she had spared to nurse her had not been given for the sake of the invalid. Mrs. Beaufort belonged to the Rectory, and that was enough for Mrs. Fagg; but she had never got over her first impression that Miss Matthews had come prowling into Ashton, like the white cat she was, and had turned Miss Nuna out of her own home.

The kind soul was feeling uneasy about Nuna; her paleness and her constant depression, except when with the invalid, worried Mrs. Fagg. Gradually, she was getting more and more inquisitive about her favourite, and to indulge her old dislike to Paul Whitmore.

Nuna shrank from Gray's Farm, and from Will; but she was in that state of listless restlessness when any change or movement promised relief; and when Mrs. Fagg privately urged Mr. Beaufort to send her away, after a little, Nuna consented to go.

"Marriages don't seem matches," said Mrs. Fagg; "now to look at 'em anyone would have said Mr. Bright and Miss Nuna was cut out one for the other: she, so careless and he so prim and regular; but then, he'd have worried her to death most like—fond as he'd have been. He's a good, religious, handsome young gentleman; but, bless me, women don't care so much for looks, or for them tidy, particular ways, in a man—they've mostly got 'em themselves. If there's a thing as a woman cares for in a husband, it's a something that's not like herself."

"Mrs. Bright came duly to fetch Nuna, and she chattered incessantly as they drove along the dusty road. She persisted in regarding her old favourite as a victim. Even her son's positive assurance failed to persuade Mrs. Bright that Nuna could, knowingly and willingly, prefer Paul Whitmore to her darling Will.

She left off talking for a bit, and looked at her companion.

Nuna had grown very thin and pale; and there was a sad yearning in her eyes which stirred the widow's patience.

"It's all that husband, haughty, sallow-faced fellow! without one good feature, unless it's his eyes, and they have such a sudden way of blazing up, too, I feel sure

he's awkward to live with. He must be, or she wouldn't have got so thin and anxious. Well,"—the comely face smoothed away its creases; *bonâ-fide* wrinkles cannot come on faces like the widow's, there's no loose skin to spare for them,—“Nuna will take comfort when she sees Will; the very sight of his face must make anybody happy.”

She looked round at Nuna.

The sad look had vanished.

They were crossing a bit of open country beyond the common, with a distance of wooded hills before them.

"This place takes me back years," Nuna smiled. "There's the old nut-wood, and there's the field where we used to find snake's-head lilies. I never shall forget tearing a frock all to bits in that wood because I quarrelled with Will, and wouldn't let him lift me over the brambles."

Mrs. Bright was radiant in an instant.

"My dear, I quite forgot to say that Will would have driven in for you, himself: he fully intended it; but who should come down last night but Stephen Pritchard, and it was awkward, you know, to leave him alone."

Nuna's heart leaped up with a sudden hope. She knew that Mr. Pritchard had gone back to Paris; he might have brought news of her husband. Paul had, perhaps, sent word by him where she could write to; for the impossibility of sending him a letter was almost as hard to bear as his silence.

Mrs. Bright saw the sparkle in Nuna's eyes, and her conscience smote her.

"Perhaps it's hardly right, throwing her in Will's way, poor thing! It may make her more unhappy with the other, though he don't deserve to be happy. I've no patience with him, coming down into a quiet village like a great prowling wolf and upsetting the arrangements of generations."

Mrs. Bright kept an observant eye on the pair, when Will came forward as the carriage drove up; but it seemed to her that Nuna was far more at ease than the master of Gray's Farm was.

Nuna was glad to find Stephen alone in the drawing-room when she came downstairs.

He came up to her at once. He was curious to see how she bore her husband's desertion. Mr. Pritchard had a way of studying his fellow-creatures as if they were insects in a microscope; he liked to see men and women under what he called new prismatic influences. Nuna had lost



much of her beauty. He thought that she had more physiognomy than he had ever remarked in her before.

"Whitmore is not the fellow to make a girl like that happy," thought Stephen. "Why did he take her? It's like the dog in the manger."

He told her he had seen Paul in Paris; but she turned so deathly pale when he confessed his ignorance of her husband's route that he was startled.

"Paul had only a moment, you see; we met at the railway station, and he was just leaving Paris. It was quite by chance I saw him. He had a lady with him, and two other men, I think."

"Yes," said Nuna, faintly; "he has only gone for a month." She tried to smile and look indifferent; she wanted Pritchard to think she was quite in her husband's confidence about this journey: and, if Pritchard had helped her, she would have succeeded in convincing him that she was happy; but Stephen was inquisitive, and curiosity makes people unfeeling.

He looked at her quietly, and then his whole face broke into a broad, incredulous smile.

"I wouldn't count on seeing him home at the month's end, Mrs. Whitmore; when folks get abroad time goes quickly." Nuna flushed, she was too angry to speak.

"Don't be vexed," he said. "I've known Paul far longer than you have, and no doubt I know him far better."

"I can't agree with you; husbands and wives must understand each other better than any one else: what I mean is," she said proudly, "I am quite satisfied with the knowledge I have."

For an instant Pritchard thought he had never seen any woman look as lovely as Nuna looked now: her eyes sparkled with indignation, her face was in a glow; but a sudden consciousness of her own untruth quelled this mood. How could she say she was satisfied with the knowledge she had of her husband? Her eyes drooped, her whole figure relaxed from its attitude of indignant assertion; she felt crushed with shame and sorrow.

Pritchard kept his eye fixed on Nuna; he was not hard-hearted, he had no adequate conception of the agony he was inflicting on the girl's proud sensitive heart, and yet a pity for the misery to which he thought she seemed doomed, stirred strongly in him, and moved him out of his usual philosophic indifference.

"Don't you think life is full of mistakes?" he said gently—he wanted to get at her real thoughts.

"Yes, perhaps;"—she spoke in a dreamy, home-sick voice.

"And has not your experience of life taught you that, as a rule, marriage is the saddest of all mistakes?"

Nuna looked up at him. She had been living so much for others in these last weeks that she had gained the power of thinking for them too; literally she had been taken out of herself, out of the dreamy self-contemplation she had grown used to in St. John Street; she was able to look at this question without immediately fitting it to herself.

"No, I don't think so; and even if marriage does bring sadness in some cases, I should not have agreed with you. It seems to me every one may be happy who tries to be so; marriage may be like heaven on earth if people only try to make it so."

"But then it is not heaven on earth, and people don't try to make it so," said Pritchard with a sneer, "or if they do, women that is to say—men have none of these sentimental fancies, Mrs. Whitmore, they are not so sure about a heaven as you are—a woman who believes this, only breaks her heart at the work, bruising it, poor tender thing, against the stony nature of some good fellow who has given all he's got to give in the way of kindness, and so on, and can't understand what more she wants. I grant you that here and there you find a couple specially fitted for each other, but these are the exceptions."

Nuna smiled; she had often argued this with herself, and she agreed in some ways with Pritchard, but the tendency of such a belief had not before shown itself so clearly.

"But then, what is to become of all the married people who are not among these favoured exceptions?" She did not know enough of Pritchard to comprehend his laxity of ideas, she only thought him exaggerated, and there was some mockery in her smile.

Pritchard saw it, and it irritated him out of all reticence; he hated a woman to put herself on an equal footing in conversation. In theory he was full of woman's rights and the restrictions laid on her freedom; but then, that had reference to other men.

"I see no difficulty at all in the matter; let them do as I advise you to do." She looked at him in surprise, "Suppose you and Paul don't make each other happy: you give your husband his liberty again; he will be as thankful for release



as you will be. You have gone back to your own home: we'll suppose that you stay there. You are angry now, Mrs. Whitmore; you look at me as if you thought I ought to be horsewhipped; in a year's time you will thank me for having had the courage to speak out. I have seen double the life you have, and I know you and Paul may go on and on together, hoping things will mend till you break your heart. Perhaps, I've gone beyond bounds, but I've done it with a good motive."

He stopped—there was something in her face which he could not read; the sudden flush of indignation and shame had faded. Nuna's eyes met his fearlessly.

"Then all your wisdom can teach you comes to this,"—there was a solemnity in her voice which startled him,— "that we are only to seek happiness for ourselves; and if we don't find it in the state in which we are placed, then we are to change that state to suit our own will and pleasure. God forgive me! I used to think something of the kind too; I am only just beginning to learn better." Her eyes swam as she went on, full of penitence for herself, and of pity for the blindness of the philosopher. "No, Mr. Pritchard; God is far better and kinder than man is, and I won't believe, if we do our duty in the state in which He places us, and accept all as from Him, that He will fail us at the end."

Pritchard sneered, "You are getting altogether beyond me; you will"— But Nuna felt her agitation was growing beyond her; she hurried past him, and was gone before he could stop her.

"Confound all women! Now, she's turning saint; I am not sure that's not worse than a vixen, because she'll always manage to be in the right now. I wish I had let her alone. Poor Paul, poor fellow, why it was more for his sake than hers I spoke at all!"

He pushed both hands into his hair and walked up and down the room: "Catch me marrying! Paul has never been half the fellow he was before he married; he's not happy, and she could not say she was, either. He talked a lot of bosh at Harwich. I knew what would come of it; I expect they quarrelled when he went home, and now he has gone off and left her ready to hang herself. If she weren't selfish, she must see he would be gladly rid of her,

but then that is just where a woman is selfish."

Mr. Pritchard was singularly disturbed; even the smoking of two pipes one after another failed to restore him to his usual easy way of looking at life.

Nuna meantime was kneeling in her room, her face hidden by her hands; there were no tears streaming between the slender fingers; scarcely a sob stirred the calm stillness that had followed the first impetuous outburst of her sorrow and mortification.

Pritchard's words had cut through all the delicate reserve in which she fancied she had hidden her unhappiness; her secret was known then, as bare to the eyes of others as to herself. Nuna's agony was almost beyond endurance.

She had flung herself on her knees, beside her table, more from a sort of despair than from any settled purpose; but as she knelt, her sobs grew less vehement, her tears less heavy and scalding, and, almost involuntarily, a cry went out of her heart for help. She was worse than helpless now; she was a subject of pitying talk for others. Every one knew her husband did not love her. A heavy sob burst from her, and again came tears.

But as she knelt, it seemed to Nuna that though the whole world might despise her sorrow there was a love higher and deeper than any she had known, a love which hushed her poor fluttering heart, and soothed her by its presence. The hush deepened; it was as if her heart were freed from its heavy load of anguish, and was at last at rest.

She could never tell how long she knelt there, unconscious of outer sights and sounds. Quietly, slowly, as if she were gazing at it, her life spread itself out before her, and she saw herself as if with the eyes of a stranger.

It was one of those strange awakenings which come to us all; it may be once, often more than once, in our lives. We may pass it by, we may turn from its painful warning, for it seldom comes without probing the heart to its very centre; we may choke its remembrance by a succession of vain, frivolous thoughts and occupations, but it has been sent to us. It has left its mark; whether for good or evil is in our own power to determine.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A VICTIM OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

## PART II.

## VERSAILLES.

I SLEPT till daybreak, and was then only aroused by the tremendous hammering made by some of my companions on the door of our cell. I was not very well pleased at being thus disturbed in the only sound sleep that I had enjoyed for more than a week past, and demanded angrily why they could not allow those who wished to be quiet to remain so. The only answer I got was a recommendation to look out of the window and see what was going on in the court. Accordingly I climbed up to the grated casement, and fully understood why the rest were clamouring to be released.

The whole of the inner courtyard of the Mairie, on which the window of our prison looked, was strewn with corpses of National Guards and civilians, with dead and dying horses, with fragments of shattered ammunition and ambulance waggon; in fact, such a scene of destruction was there presented as I had not yet seen during the civil war. It was certain now, I felt assured, that the sentence of death pronounced on us would not be carried into execution, as the Mairie was unoccupied. Of this there was not the slightest doubt, for all our battering against the door of our cell was productive of no effect. We hoped to have forced it, but that was utterly impossible, so we continued to make as much noise as we could in the hope of attracting the attention of some one searching for ammunition, or of some individual who sought a refuge in the deserted building.

Long and anxious were the hours that elapsed, till at last we heard a voice from without inquire who was there. "Ouvrez donc; ouvrez vite, vite!" was our reply; but though the man, a sergeant of the National Guard, expressed himself ready and willing to deliver us, yet he could not find the keys of the cells. Another delay of more than half an hour was the result, at the end of which the heavy door at last grated on its hinges, and we were once more free.

Avoiding the distribution of rifles and ammunitions which took place immediately after our release, I passed out into the street, hoping that now my troubles were nearly at an end, and that I might find some haven of refuge till I could communicate with my relations in England. But, alas! my troubles, far from being ended,

were only just begun, for the first sight that met my eyes as I stepped out on to the Place, was a soldier of the Government calling on all those in sight to surrender and lay down their arms.

I gave myself up as a prisoner of war, but had the advantage of seeing my name written down in the list of those taken without arms. It was, I well remember, on the morning of Whit Sunday, May 28th. As soon as we had formed ourselves in line, in compliance with the order given to us, we were marched to a small street in the neighbourhood, where we remained for more than an hour, during which time the kind inhabitants distributed bread and wine to all, and a little money to those who most needed it or appeared to do so. Thence we were marched to the Buttes Chaumont, passing on our way many a barricade, or rather the remains of them, showing traces of the sanguinary conflicts that had taken place. Here the body of a man shot through the head, and lying stiff and cold upon the pavement in a pool of coagulated blood; there the corpse of a youth in plain clothes, apparently sleeping, with his face buried in his arms, but a small red stream issuing from his body told that he slept indeed, but that it was the sleep of death. Past ruined houses, showing how terrible the bombardment of the last two days had been, on we marched, some in silence, some congratulating themselves that they were prisoners, as they would now be safe from shot and shell, others predicting our immediate execution at the first halt, but all with the same anxious, weary, "hunted down" look on their faces, that I before alluded to.

At last we arrived at the Buttes Chaumont, and were given over into the charge of the — regiment of the line, and another of Chasseurs à Pied. (It was the Légion Etrangère that had captured us.) The first order given was "Jetez les chapeaux par terre," and nearly all the *képis*, *casquettes*, hats and caps belonging to the prisoners, were immediately thrown by them on the ground. I was among the lucky ones who wore a *casquette* of silk; this I was able to slip into my pocket, and afterwards derived great comfort from it during hours spent under a burning sun, or in the cold nights, when it served me alike as a shade for my eyes and as a night-cap.

We stood there bare-headed in the sun for some time, until our attention was called to the sound of shooting, and then a whisper went round, "On va nous fusiller tous." Oh, the agonized look on the faces

of some I can never forget! It was a complete index of what was passing in their minds. To die thus, and leave wife, children, parents, brothers, or sisters, without one word of farewell, to be thus suddenly cut off, is fearful. I could see this on some countenances near me as plainly as if it had been written on them. But these were men of the better sort, and but few in number; the greater part looked sullen and stolid, shrugged their shoulders and said, "C'est bientôt fini! Un coup de fusil et voilà tout."

One boy about four files behind me was a pitiable object; he had a document which was enveloped in a piece of newspaper in his hand, and this he presented to every soldier or officer near him, screaming out amidst floods of tears, "Oh, je suis innocent! Oh, mon capitaine, ne me fusillez pas!" till at last an officer gave him such a blow with his cane that, though he cried louder than ever, he was forced to desist from his entreaties for mercy. Those around him kept exclaiming, "Tais-toi, crapaud," but the "crapaud" only turned to them, and with fresh bursts of tears produced his document, and explained the nature of it to his companions in misfortune.

Great was the contrast between this boy, who must have been at least fifteen years of age, and a poor child of nine who stood next to me; he never cried nor uttered a word of complaint, but stood quietly by my side for some time, looking up furtively in my face. At last he ventured to slip his little hand within mine, and from that time till the close of that terrible day we marched hand in hand, he never relaxing his grasp except when absolutely necessary. Meanwhile the executions went on; I counted up to twenty, and after that I believe some six or seven more took place. They were nearly all officers of the National Guard who were thus put to death. One who was standing near me, an *officier payeur*, had his little bag containing the pay of his men, which he had received the day before, but had been unable to distribute among them. He now gave it away to those standing about him (I among the number getting a few francs), saying as he did so, "Je serai fusillé moi-même, et cet argent peut vous servir, mes enfants, dans votre triste captivité." He was led out and shot a few minutes afterwards. They all, without exception, met their fate bravely and like men; there was no shrinking from death, or entreaties to be spared, among those that I saw killed. Had they exhibited as

much bravery while actually fighting for their cause, as they did when it became necessary to pay the penalty of death for their share in the insurrection, I doubt not that the reign of the Commune would have been of longer duration, and might have even succeeded in its design of government.

After remaining for more than an hour at the Buttes Chaumont, we were marched to a large open space at La Villette, passing on our way through some of the batteries used by the Government troops against Paris. Here we again halted, and orders were given that all rugs, *bidons*, *gamelles*, and knives must be delivered up to the non-commissioned officers of our escort; that all those wearing uniform coats of whatsoever description should turn them inside out, and wear them in that fashion; and that we were to form ourselves by files. All these orders having been carried out, though some time was expended therein, a staff of officers rode down our ranks and inspected us, after which we again set forth, escorted this time by regiments of cavalry.

From La Villette we proceeded down the Rue Lafayette as far as the Nouvel Opéra, being greeted as we went with the choicest selection of curses and epithets that I ever heard: "Ah, les salots! les voyaux! les assassins! les incendiaires! les voleurs! les crapauds! Fusillez nous tout ça! A Cayenne la Commune et ses soldats!" were the mildest expressions used, but there were many others which it would be impossible for me to write down.

From the Nouvel Opéra to the Madeleine, down the Rue Royale (a strange scene of ruin, where the bystanders called on us to look at the ruin we had caused), into the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, on we marched bare-headed under a burning sun, exposed to the taunts and insults of the passers-by, running every minute in obedience to the cry of "Serrez vos rangs," and then relapsing into a walk for a few seconds: we were glad indeed when in the Avenue de l'Impératrice the order to halt was given. There, weary and footsore, many dropped down on the ground, and rested themselves as best they could, waiting for death, which we were now convinced was near at hand for all of us. For myself, I felt utterly numbed and quite content to die, as I would at that time have received with equal indifference the news of my release. I remember thinking and plotting in my mind how I could possibly get the intelligence con-

veyed to my parents in England. Could I ask one of the soldiers to convey a message for me should I have any opportunity of so doing? and, if so, would he understand what to do? With such thoughts, and mechanically repeating the Lord's Prayer to myself at intervals, I whiled away more than an hour, until "Levez-vous tous" broke the thread of my meditations.

Up we started, and placed ourselves in our ranks.

Presently General the Marquis de Gallifet passed slowly down the line, attended by several officers. He stopped here and there, selecting several of our number, chiefly the old and the wounded, and ordered them to step out from the ranks.

"Sors des rangs toi, vieux coquin! Et toi par ici, et toi tu es blessé! Eh bien, nous te soignerons," said he sharply and decisively, now to one, now to another. A young man about five men from me called out to him, waving a paper as he spoke, "Eh, mon général, je suis Américain moi; voilà mon passeport, je suis innocent."

"Tais-toi, nous avons bien assez d'étrangers et de canaille ici, il faut nous en débarrasser," was the reply, as the General proceeded on his way. All chance was over now, we thought, and we should be shot in a few minutes; for our idea was, that those who had been placed aside were to be spared from the general massacre, perhaps released, the wounded sent to the hospitals to be cured, the old men, after a short confinement, given permission to return to their homes: "C'est juste, on ne peut pas fusiller les vieillards et les blessés." Alas! we were soon to be undeceived.

As for me, while the General went by, I took a good look at him. I remember remarking his uniform particularly, comparing it in my mind with that of a general in our own service, and wondering whether it was as expensive as the scarlet coat of dear old England, which at that time I never thought to see again.

We soon started off, and proceeded in the same order, except that we were obliged to march arm-in-arm to the Bois de Boulogne, where we again halted.

There we soon had our minds set at rest as to the ultimate destination of those who had been picked out at our last halt. They were all shot, old men and wounded together (over eighty in number, I believe), before our eyes. We, however, were struggling for water, of which there was a scant supply, whence obtained I

know not, for I was not fortunate enough to get any.

The execution being over, we again set forth, with the knowledge that Versailles was now our destination, though what our fate would be when we were once there, none of us could conceive.

Oh, the misery and wretchedness of that weary march! The sun poured fiercely down upon our uncovered heads, our throats were parched and dry with thirst, and our blistered feet and tired legs could scarce support our exhausted and aching bodies.

The first division consisted almost entirely of soldiers of the line, and their condition must have been even more pitiable than our own. The road was strewn with knapsacks which the poor wretches had thrown down, and the men composing our escort made us pick up any object which they thought could be of use to them, and hand it over for inspection. Now and again, a man, utterly worn out both in mind and body, would drop down exhausted by the wayside; one of our guards would then dismount and try, by dint of kicks and blows with the butt-end of his rifle, to induce him to resume his place. In all cases these measures proved unavailing, and a shot in our rear told us that one more of our number had ceased to exist; the executioner would then fall into his place again, laughing and chatting gaily with his comrades as if nothing had happened.

We passed over the Seine and by the ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud, then through the park, where the cool shade of the trees brought unspeakable relief. Oh! how I longed for a draught of water,—for my tongue was so glued to the roof of my mouth that I could not utter a word,—but though some managed to obtain a little, I was not among that number.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, we at last marched into Versailles; and if the execrations that we had endured in Paris had been numerous and varied, they were here multiplied tenfold. "Ah! il y a des bombes-à-pétrole que vous connaissez pour vous là-haut! Il y a des mitrailleuses, sacrés coquins," and so on in the same strain.

We toiled up the hill leading to Satory, and when we reached the summit struggled on as well as we were able through mud more than ankle-deep.

"Voilà les mitrailleuses pour nous," said one of my companions, pointing to what, in the distance, seemed like a small park of artillery; "c'est vraiment fini cette fois-

ci." Then for the first time I did feel afraid, I thought of the horrors of being mutilated by shot and shell, and wished that I had been among those who had been executed in the day-time, knowing that death by the rifle was quick and sure; whereas here, to be horribly wounded and linger on in misery, ah! I could not think of it.

The order came to halt, and I waited and waited to hear the whirring sound of the mitrailleuses; but, thank God, I waited in vain. We set ourselves in motion once more, and were turned into an immense yard surrounded by walls, and having on one side three large sheds, in which we were destined to pass the night. With what eagerness did we throw ourselves on our faces in the mud, and lap up the filthy water in the pools.

We were now left free to manage as best we could in the yard, and accordingly a general rush was made at some few wisps of damp straw which were lying about, on which we had hardly disposed ourselves, when we were commanded by the gendarmes into whose custody we had now passed, to go into the sheds to spend the night. All rose and those who were fortunate enough, I among the number, to have obtained a share of the straw, proceeded with it under their arms in the direction of the shed pointed out to us.

We were only permitted to enter five at a time, so that the last comers were left absolutely without a place wherein to lay their weary heads.

We were, however, soon settled, and with the exception of several kicks on the head from the man above me, I managed to enjoy a good night's rest.

At five o'clock next morning we were aroused and turned out into the yard, and it was then for the first time that we perceived that the walls were pierced with holes, through each of which appeared the muzzle of a canon, near to which we were forbidden to approach on pain of death.

We loitered about all the morning, now standing in groups, now sitting down, but always discussing the events of the last few days and speculating on our future fate.

Towards twelve o'clock we were summoned for the distribution of bread, which, together with a limited supply of water, was our only food. The ration of bread for each man was two pounds, which was to last him the day, and far on into the next, and hard work it was for men half-famished as we were, to refrain from eat-

ing the whole at a single meal; but it was necessary to reserve a portion for the morrow, so we had to curb our appetites.

About six o'clock in the evening we were visited by one of the most tremendous showers I ever remember to have seen; in a few seconds I was completely wet through, and was forced to remain in that condition the whole night, and sleep in my damp clothes in one of the sheds, on the stone flooring, as all our straw had been so utterly soaked through and through that it was quite impossible to make the slightest use of it. I shivered and shook for more than an hour, but managed at last to fall into a most uneasy sleep, which lasted till we were all summoned to resume our positions in the yard.

The day (Tuesday, May 30th) passed in the same manner as the preceding one, but in the course of the afternoon a cry was raised that some one was inquiring if there were any English present. I presented myself, and gave all the necessary information to two gentlemen, who seemed to me to have the appearance of two *attachés* of the English Embassy: this I have since discovered was a mistake on my part, as no one belonging to the Embassy visited the Camp Satory in order to reclaim prisoners desiring British protection. During the anxious time that I afterwards spent, I was always on the look-out for news from them, but never heard anything more, though they promised to communicate with me.

This circumstance led, however, to my finding that there was another Englishman, as well as sundry Americans, among the number of my fellow-prisoners, in addition to subjects of Holland, Italy, Belgium, and, in fact, of every country in Europe. The Englishman who presented himself to the two gentlemen at the same time as myself, was a naturalized Frenchman, and as such could not lay any claim to British protection. His story, which I afterwards ascertained was true, was as follows:—He had arrived in Paris from Brest on May 14th in order to "better himself," and had been immediately arrested and put in prison by the Commune; he remained a week in confinement, being released on the 21st, only to be again captured by the Versailles the very next day, so that he had not had good luck on his first visit to Paris.

I remained all the time with him till my release. The night of Tuesday we spent again in the sheds, and the next morning were ordered to place ourselves by fives



in marching order for the *interrogatoire*. Our bread was given to us, and we left the Camp Satory without regret, in order to proceed to the Orangerie at Versailles. We were escorted by a regiment of cavalry and a battalion of the line, and were everywhere greeted on our route in the same manner as on our arrival at Versailles on the previous Sunday, but we were by this time accustomed to terms of abuse, and paid no attention to the curses so plenteously showered down on us.

The Orangerie is an enormous gallery used to preserve the orange-trees from the frost and cold of the winter months. It is about seven hundred feet long and forty broad, including the two wings on either side; it is flagged with stone, upon which the dust accumulates with great facility, and, according to my experience, very hot by daytime and intensely cold at night. Within its walls, instead of fragrant orange-trees, some four or five thousand human beings were now herded together in a condition too miserable to imagine, a prey to vermin, disease, and starvation.

Although the accommodation at Satory had been as bad as we thought possible, yet we were horror-struck at the place wherein we thought we were destined to pass some few hours at the most, but where we spent three days and two nights.

We entered by an enormous doorway into a space some twenty or thirty feet wide, where two gendarmes were marching to and fro, and several other of the same corps were standing about with small slips of paper in their hands, the purport of which I soon after learnt, though at the time I did not comprehend their meaning, "Par ici, l'un apres l'autre," one of the sentries called out to us, pointing at the same time to an opening in the palisade of orange-tree tubs, and accordingly we passed through, one at a time, into the limited space set apart for those who had not undergone the examination.

I waited for my turn with great patience, and, after about four hours, found myself in the presence of my judges. They were holding their Court (so to speak) in one of the wings, sitting in pairs at small tables strewn with papers, which testified to the great amount of work that they had already gone through.

We had been admitted through a palisade, like that by which we had first entered, and after waiting in a corner, we marched, five at a time, up to one of the tables, when one of the interrogators demanded our names, which we gave. As

soon as he had obtained this information he examined a list which lay beside him, and seeing that none of our names were inscribed thereon, proceeded to examine us one by one. When my turn came he asked me my name, age, profession, and birthplace; then if I had served the Commune, and in what regiment or battalion of the National Guard? whether I had ever quitted Paris? how many shots I had fired? where I had been arrested, and whether I had been taken with or without arms in my hand?

Having answered all these questions, I was marched, in company with fifty others, out into the garden, where we waited till a sufficient number were collected, when we were sent into the division of the building set apart for those who had undergone the examination, and there awaited transportation to one of the seaports.

We passed through the canteen of the gendarmes, and soon found ourselves in the midst of some three or four thousand fellow-creatures, all clamouring for the latest and most authentic news from Paris, as we were known to have come from Satory that morning, and were supposed to have heard something of what was going on. However, we were unable to satisfy them on that point, and having assured them of the fact, I proceeded to look about me, in order to see how we were likely to get on among our new companions.

The general appearance of them was, I must confess, far from prepossessing: they were very dirty, dusty, and worn-out looking (like myself, I should imagine); and no wonder, for the floor was several inches deep in dust, no straw obtainable, and no washing possible. We were all huddled up together, sleeping or lying down as best we might find room, of which there was but scant allowance. I gained rather a reputation for 'cuteness by collecting a large amount of dust into a handkerchief, and making a cushion of the same, an idea which I was astonished had not occurred to one of my French companions. Certainly the French people are fertile in resources for accommodating themselves to circumstances; I am confident that very few Englishmen would be able to make themselves so comparatively comfortable as did the Frenchmen either at Satory or Versailles; but then the English would help and have more compassion for his weaker brother in distress, a feeling which seemed to be utterly unknown to these Frenchmen.

Many examples of this fact came to my

notice during my sojourn in the Orangerie, but one example will suffice. I had, on my arrival at Satory, a whole packet of tobacco, which I gave away to all those who asked me for a small cigarette: "Seulement une petite cigarette, monsieur" — (for *citoyen* was now dropped) — "une toute petite cigarette." This "petite cigarette" I gave and gave, until, when I arrived at the Orangerie, I had no more tobacco in my possession. The luxury of smoking is at all times great, but never greater than when you have nothing to eat, and look to your cigar or cigarette to supply the deficiency. I met several of those to whom I had given of my store, and who had now become possessed of tobacco, and begged a cigarette of them. Not one would give me the slightest morsel, saying as they refused me, "Nous en avons besoin nous-mêmes," an answer which did not tend to increase my admiration of the French lower orders or their feelings of gratitude.

It was weary work, to say the very best of it; the sun poured in at the windows, and only added to the misery of the scene by its glorious brightness, lighting up the dull, grey walls and the squalid mass of human beings into something like absolute brightness. Gendarmes passed through without ceasing, calling out the names of those who had been reclaimed by their friends or relations; and wearisome work it must have been for them. Several of them were too hoarse by constant shouting to perform this duty, and deputed a prisoner, whose voice had not been so much tried as his own, to do this work for him. One could not have any sympathy for them, for their brutality towards ourselves had been too great: I saw many a one of my fellow-captives hit with the butt-end of a rifle, or prodded with a bayonet for no offence whatever. Our gaolers, as they were, were able to procure for us divers luxuries, such as sausages, ham, tobacco, &c., but they made a great profit out of this complaisance; and in a good many instances in which money was given them by the prisoners for the purpose of buying any of the above mentioned articles, they appropriated the money; and when asked for the things demanded, replied that they knew nothing about the matter.

After a couple of hours' perambulating, we were lucky enough to find room to squat down in, and I curled myself up in about two feet of space, with at least seven or eight men reclining and supporting themselves against different parts of my body. Real sleep was out of the ques-

tion, but the mere repose would have been very pleasant had it not been for the cold, which was intense. I shivered and shook the whole night through, though I hoped that I might have been kept warm by the number of those who used my body as a pillow, and the manner in which I was surrounded on every side by human beings; but nothing could warm anyone, and none of those around slept. The next day (Thursday, June 1st) I and my companion endeavoured to get ourselves inscribed on the list of those who were to start for one of the seaports; but as we had not received our bread for the day, we were turned back, and condemned to another four-and-twenty hours of our fearful abode. That day dragged on as miserably as its predecessor; the only event being the visit of a deputy of the Assembly, which gave rise to great anticipation, as he said (in my hearing) that our condition was disgraceful, that at least straw and a small portion of soup ought to be served out to us—an observation which met with the approval of all the prisoners.

During the daytime the heat was as intense as the cold had been in the previous night; as there were no latrines and nothing but open tubs, placed at intervals of twenty yards distant from one another, the stench was intolerable. Washing was entirely and absolutely impossible. The only thing to be done was to find a place to sit down (no easy matter), and to endeavour to while away the weary hours by sleep or thought.

Two or three times in the course of the day our persons were searched by our gaolers, for tobacco, money, matches, or knives. Having some small quantity of the two first named, I managed to secrete them in my boot, and was thus enabled to guard my treasures; but a comb, or rather half a one, which I had imagined secure in my pocket, was seized and taken from me.

The terrible scenes and sufferings that we had all gone through had deprived many of our number of their reason, which added yet more to our misery, for some were dangerous, and made attempts on the lives of their companions, others did nothing but shout and scream both day and night, though some were harmless and quiet enough. One of these lunatics, having gone too near a glass door which we were forbidden to approach, was fired on by the sentry posted on the outside, and killed on the spot.

I had thought that nothing could exceed the misery of the first night, but it was as

nothing compared to what I endured on the second.

Together with my countrymen I had gained permission to remain in a part of the gallery where it was not generally allowed to pass, and we hoped that we had a good chance of obtaining a night's rest; but, after I had been asleep for two or three hours, I was aroused by a violent blow on the head, and found that the most dangerous of the madmen was standing over me. I defended myself to the best of my power, and my companion, having been awakened by the noise, assisted me in keeping our opponent at a distance. But he was joined by four or five more lunatics, and we were forced to leave our comfortable place, and seek another spot to lie down in. But it was absolutely useless to hope to obtain any rest that night; for though we changed from one place to another, four or five times, yet the maniacs were everywhere, and having seen us walking about, followed us, and would allow us no repose. I counted that night forty-four men, entirely bereft of reason, roaming about, and attacking others in the same way as they had done us, till at last very many got up, like ourselves, and walked about till daybreak.

To our inexpressible delight we succeeded the next morning in being among the very first ranks of those who were to start that day; but our names were inscribed at half-past eleven in the morning, and we did not leave the Orangerie, to march to the station, till half-past seven in the evening; thus remaining eight hours in the ranks awaiting, every instant, the order for our departure.

When it did come every one seemed to brighten up and become more cheerful. What our destination was, or what our future treatment would be, were to us unknown. The general impression (whence derived I know not) was that we were to go to either Brest or Belleisle, but there was not a man of our number but was glad to quit the place where we had suffered such misery, and we were unanimous in agreeing that it would be impossible for us to be worse off than we had been.

We were marched, escorted by the Infanterie de la Marine, to the railway station at Versailles. I suppose that the inhabitants of the town had by this time become well accustomed to the sight of poor wretches like ourselves, for we passed through the streets uncommented upon, and almost without being looked at, to our great relief. The train in which we were to travel was waiting for us, and accord-

ingly no time was lost in getting us arranged in it.

There were first-class carriages for the officers, second-class for our guards, and beast-waggons for us, into which forty of us were packed.

There was an ample supply of bread placed in the waggon for our use, but only four large cans of water, each containing, I should think, about eight litres, so that all we had to drink for seven-and-twenty hours, which was the time our journey lasted, was not quite a quart of water for each man, and this for men who were cooped up together in a small space, with barely enough air to keep them alive admitted into their place of confinement! I wonder that one of us survived. However, as all evils must have an end, so had our journey; and at midnight we were deposited on the quay at Brest. We were put on board several large boats and tugged out into the harbour to one of the dismantled ships, where we were to be confined. It was three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, June 4th, when we were enabled to lay ourselves down on the hard deck and snatch a few moments' real repose.

Our condition, though still miserable enough, was greatly ameliorated. We had better food, airy lodging, hammocks to sleep in, but above all we were given a clean shirt apiece, and were enabled to wash ourselves, the comfort of which was very great.

We were divided into messes, ten in each, and to every man was distributed a fork and spoon; a tin cup was also given between two.

We were summoned by sound of trumpet every morning at half-past five, when the hammocks were rolled up into bundles for the day, immediately after which a distribution of bread took place, each man receiving but a small quantity. Then the decks were washed down, an operation which lasted till half-past eight o'clock. From that time till eleven there was nothing to do but sleep, play piquet or lotto, or listen to the many speculations which were rife as to the ultimate fate of all the prisoners. At eleven the morning inspection took place, and was followed by the morning's soup, accompanied by bread or biscuit. Four times a week we had meat — on Sundays and Thursdays fresh beef, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays salt meat; but the latter was generally uneatable, owing to the cook never taking the trouble to soak the meat previous to preparing it. The other days our soup consisted simply

of the water in which peas or beans had been boiled, and very little of that, with a small quantity of the vegetable at the bottom. Soup was again served at five o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past six the evening inspection, before slinging the hammocks for the night, brought the day to a close. Every other day each man mounted on deck, according to the number of the division (of which there were four) to which his mess belonged; on one day it was their turn to wash their linen, for which purpose they went up during the washing of decks in the morning; on the next only to take the air and smoke, for permission to smoke was granted to those alone who were on the upper deck.

The amount of sickness and disease was so great that a hospital ship was moored close by us, to receive the patients, many of whom, I afterwards heard, died of a sort of gaol fever, caught during their sojourn at Versailles, but never fully developed till some days afterwards.

I saw many a man fall down suddenly, as if in a fit, his fists clenched and his teeth set, looking like one dead, and be carried off to the hospital, never again to come among us. One night, one man about three hammocks from me, fell out of it on to the ground—dead: want and starvation had killed him. I cannot, for obvious reasons, detail at present the horrors of my three weeks' sojourn on board. I only wish to give a general idea of what the life was in one of those ships, and when I think that those who were there with me still remain in the same condition, and, as it appears, have no chance of release for months to come, my heart grows sick within me, and I can only be thankful to Almighty God for my miraculous and providential release.

How that was effected, I cannot at present tell; I hope that I may be able, at some future date, to relate the whole history of my adventures in a more complete and detailed fashion.

In conclusion, let me say, as one who ought to be able to form an opinion, having lived so long among them, that, far from speaking hardly of the miserable creatures who have been led astray and suffered so much, one ought rather to pity them. The greater part of those who served the Commune (for all, with but few exceptions, did serve) were "pressed men," like myself; but those who had wives or children to support, and were without work—nay, without means of obtaining even a crust of bread (for the first siege had exhausted all their little savings)—were forced by necessity to enrol themselves in the National Guard for the sake of their daily pay.

In the regular army of the Commune, if I may so style the National Guard, there were but few volunteers, and those were in general orderly and respectable men; but the irregular regiments, such as the *Enfants Perdus*, *Chasseurs Fédérés*, *Défenseurs de la Colonne de Juillet*, were nothing but troops of blackguards and ruffians, who made their uniform an excuse for pillaging and robbing all they could lay their hands on. Such men deserve the vengeance which overtook the majority of them.

All I can say in conclusion is, that the crimes and excesses laid to the charge of the Commune seem to me to have been greatly exaggerated: that they were greatly to blame is indisputable, but the old proverb is a true one,—"The Devil is never so black as he is painted," and it certainly holds good in this case.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—There is inquiry going on as to whether Defoe invented the name of Robinson Crusoe. He did not invent but he discovered it.

In the grand old church of St. Magaret, at Lynn Regis in England, are mural tablets to the family of Crusoe, and there is one certainly (and I think that there are two) which bears the name of Robinson Crusoe. The dates on those tablets are earlier than that of the birth of Defoe. But did he ever see those tablets, and when? In all probability he did see them as a youth.

On launching into the great world, he sailed from Hull for London, along the eastern coast of

England, and because of a storm the vessel which carried him had to turn for shelter into Lynn Deepes, and he writes of himself, expressly, that on that occasion he went ashore at Lynn on Sunday; and no doubt, also, he went to church that Sunday, and saw at St. Magaret's, on the southern wall, the name of Robinson Crusoe.

Myself, I knew of two persons in that town by the name of Robinson Crusoe, and no doubt there is one still; because the postmaster has been of that name, and of the same family, one generation after another, for a long time.

Transcript.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE climaxes of life come only occasionally. When borne upon the height of them we think we can endure anything; all beside them seem so small. But when they are over, and we have sunk back into the level of every-day life, it is different. The sword-stroke we hardly felt; the daily pin-pricks drive us wild. It is sure to be so; we cannot help it.

At first Hannah thought she could. After that Sunday morning she and Bernard talked no more together—why should they? Their minds were quite made up that both love and marriage were lawful to them—if attainable. But seeing that an immediate union was impossible, and a separation almost equally so, they spoke of neither again, but tacitly determined to go on living together as before—in no way like lovers—but as like brother and sister as was practicable; both for their own sakes, and for the sake of outward eyes.

This decided, Hannah thought her way would be clear. It was only a question of time, and patient waiting. Any year the Bill might be passed, and their marriage made possible. In the meantime it was no worse than a long engagement; better, perhaps, since they had the daily comfort of one another's society. At least Hannah felt it so, and was cheerful and content. What Bernard felt he did not say—but he was not always content; often very dull, irritable, and desponding. At such times Hannah had great patience with him—the patience which had now the additional strength of knowing that it was to be exercised for life.

It was most needed, she found, after he had been to the Moat-House—whither, according to her wish, he steadily went, and went alone. Had she been his wife—or even openly his betrothed—she might, spite of all she had said, have resented this; but, now, what could she resent? She had no rights to urge. So she submitted. As to what passed on these visits, she asked no questions and he gave no information. She never saw Bernard's people now; except on Sundays, with the distance of a dozen pews between them. Young Mrs. Melville still called—punctiliously and pointedly—leaving her pair of greys standing outside the gate; but she excused herself from asking Hannah to the Grange, because if the girls were there it would be so very awkward.

"And the girls are always there," added she querulously. "I can't call my house

my own—or my husband's either. Hannah, when you marry, you'll be thankful that you've got no sisters."

Hannah smiled. She saw that of the real truth of her position with regard to Mr. Rivers Adeline guessed nothing. It was best so.

As weeks passed another change gradually came. Invitations—the fear of which had sometimes perplexed her; for how should she meet the Moat-House family, even upon neutral ground?—almost totally ceased. Her neighbours left off calling—that is, her grand neighbours; the humbler ones still sought her; but she fancied she read in their eyes a painful curiosity—a still more painful compassion, especially when they met her and Bernard together—a chance which occurred but seldom now. For he, too, seemed to have a nervous dread of being seen with her, and avoided her so much that she would often have thought he had forgotten every word that had passed between them, save for the constant mindfulness, the continual watchful care, which a man never shows except to the one woman he loves best in the world.

Yet sometimes, even having so much made the weak heart crave for a little—a very little more; just a word or two of love; an evening now and then of their old frank intercourse—so safe and free: but neither ever came. Bernard seemed to make it a point of honour that whatever people chose to say, they should be given no data upon which to come to the smallest conclusion. Within, as without the house, all the world might have heard every word he said to Miss Thelluson.

Whatever suspicion was whispered about the village, it rose to no open scandal. Everybody came to church as usual, and no one applied to Mr. Rivers's bishop to restrain him from preaching because he retained as his housekeeper a lady whom the law persisted in regarding as his sister. But the contradiction was, that in spite of her being counted his "sister," people did talk, and would talk; and, of course, the sharpest lash of their tongues fell, not upon the man, but upon the woman.

Slowly, slowly, Hannah became aware that every servant in the house, every family in the parish, kept an eye upon her, observing, condemning, sympathizing, defending—all by turns—but never leaving her alone, till she felt like the poor camel in the desert, whose dying gaze sees in the horizon that faint black line, coming nearer and nearer—the vultures which



are to pick her bones. She would have gone frantic sometimes — brave woman as she was — in the utter impossibility of fighting against the intangible wrong, had it not been for the child.

Rosie became not only her darling, but her friend. She had now almost no other companion, and wanted none. All grown-up people seemed worldly and shallow, dull and cold, compared to the pure little soul, fresh out of heaven — which heaven itself had sent to comfort her. As Rosie's English increased they two held long conversations together — very monosyllabic certainly, and upon the simplest of topics — "bow-wows," "gee-gees," and so on — yet quite comprehensible, and equally interesting to both. For is not a growing soul the most interesting and lovely, as well as most solemn sight, in all this world? Hannah sometimes stood in awe and wonder at the intelligence of the little woman, not yet three years old.

They two understood one another perfectly, and loved one another as even real mother and child do not always love. For never in all her little life had Rosie heard a harsher word than, "Oh, Rosie — Tannie so sorry!" which sufficed to melt her at once into the most contrite tears. Pure contrition — with no fear of punishment — for she had never been punished. To her innocent, happy heart, no harmless joy had ever been denied, no promise ever broken. She knew that, and rested in her little ark of love as content and safe as a nautilus in its shell, swimming over the troubled waters of poor Tannie's lot like a visible angel of consolation.

Day by day that lot was growing more hard to bear, until at last chance brought it to a climax.

One forenoon, just before Mr. Rivers was going out, there drove up to the House on the Hill a pretty pony carriage and pair of greys, and out of it stepped a little, bright, active, pretty woman — the Countess of Dunsmore.

"I knew I should surprise you," cried she, kissing Hannah on both cheeks, and telling her how well she was looking; which she was, in the sudden pleasure of the meeting. "But I wanted to surprise you. We are visiting at Highwood Park, Mr. Rivers, and I met your sisters there at dinner, you know, and promised to come and see them; but of course I came to see Miss Thelluson first. Well, my dear, and how are you? And how is your pet Rosie?"

The little Rosie answered for herself, being so greatly attracted by Lady Dun-

more's ermine tails, and, perhaps, by her sweet motherly face, that she made friends with her immediately. But Hannah was nervous — agitated. She knew exactly the expression of that quick dark eye, which saw everything, and saw through everything, whether or not the lady mentioned the result of that observation.

Bernard, too, was a little constrained. He knew Lady Dunsmore slightly, and evidently was not aware that Hannah knew her so well; for Hannah was not apt to boast of her friends, especially when they happened to have titles. Yet the sight of her warmed her heart, and she had hundreds of questions to ask about her old pupils, and endless reminiscences of her old life with them — so peaceful and contented. Yet would she have had it back, rather than the life now? No! — unhesitatingly no!

She felt this, when, having put the blithe little countess in her carriage, Bernard returned. He walked heavily down the garden, in deep thought.

"A charming person, Lady Dunsmore; and a warm, steady friend of yours, Hannah."

"Yes, she was always kind to me."

"Kinder than others have been since," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "Would you like to go and pay her the long visit she asks for?"

"No."

"And what shall you do about that invitation she brought you, to go with my sisters to dine at Highwood Lodge?"

"What can I do, except not go? To explain is impossible."

"Yes." — After a moment's thought Mr. Rivers went on — "Hannah, may I say a word? Evidently my people have been quite silent to Lady Dunsmore about you; she expected to meet you at the Moat-House. They perhaps are sorry, and would be glad of an opportunity to atone. May I speak to them?"

"Stop a minute. What shall you say? For I will have nothing said that would humiliate me."

Bernard looked tenderly at the flushed face. "My love, any man humiliates himself who for a moment allows the woman he has chosen to be lightly esteemed. Be satisfied; I shall keep up your dignity as if it were my own; for it is my own."

"Thank you." But there was only pride — no sweetness in the words. They made him turn back at once.

"Oh, Hannah, how long is this state of things to last? How can we bear it if it lasts very long?"

She replied nothing.

"Sometimes I ask myself, why should we bear it? when our consciences are satisfied, when the merest legal form stands between us and our happiness. You do not feel the suspense as I do; I see that; but do you know it sometimes almost drives me mad that I cannot marry you?"

His agitation was so extreme that Hannah was frightened, both for his sake and lest any servant should come in and find them thus. Oh, the misery of that false life they led! oh, the humiliation of concealment!

"Why should all the world be happy but me? Why should that foolish old Morecomb—but I forget, I never told you he is going to be married. I tell you nothing; I never have a chance of an hour's quiet talk with you."

"Why not? It would make me much happier."

Those pure, sad, beseeching eyes—he turned away from them; he could not bear them.

"Don't ask me. I dare not. If I saw much of you I would not answer for myself. I might"—he laughed—"I might even horrify you by asking you to go abroad and get married, as old Mr. Melville did. But I will not; no, I will not. And if I would, you would not consent?"

"No."

"I was sure of it. One might as well attempt to move the monument as Hannah Thelluson after she had once said No."

His manner was so rough, so reckless, that it pained her almost more than anything she had yet experienced. Was their forced, unnatural kind of life injuring him? And if so, ought it to continue? And if it must be ended, was not she the one to do it?

"Bernard," she said, "will you come home to-night?"—for it was now not the rule but the rare exception, his staying with her of evenings—"then we will have one of our old talks together, and perhaps we may settle something; or feel, when we look them calmly in the face, that things are not as dreadful as they seem. Now go. Hark! there is Rosie calling over the staircase for papa."

He had a real fatherly heart now; this young man, from whom, in his full flush of youth, life's best blessing, a wife's love, was first taken, and then tantalizingly denied. He snatched at the joys still left to him, and clasping his little girl in his

arms, pressed his hot forehead upon Rosie's breast.

But all that day his words and tones rang warningly through Hannah's heart. This could not last—it was against human nature. So much, yet so little as they were to one another. They *must* be more—or less. Should she leave him; for a time perhaps? or should she go quite away? She knew not what to do. Nor what to say, when he should come home to her to-night, and appeal to her with the innocent half-childlike expression his face sometimes wore, for comfort, counsel. How could she give either? She needed both herself.

And when their formal dinner was over, and they sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, with the yellow twilight glimmering outside—for summer was coming back again, the third summer since Rosa died,—life seemed to Hannah so hard, so hard!

She gave him his tea almost in silence, and then he proposed a stroll in the garden, up and down the front walk, which was in full view of the house. Into the sheltered green ally—the "lovers' walk"—these two poor lovers never went; never dared to go.

But such happiness as they could get they took, and Hannah had risen to fetch her shawl, when they saw entering the gate the last apparition they expected to see—Lady Rivers. For months she had not crossed their threshold. But then—Hannah would have been more than mortal not to have remembered this—it had been crossed that morning by the Countess of Dunsmore.

Lady Rivers was by no means a stupid woman. Her faculty for discovering which way the wind blew, and trimming her sails accordingly, amounted to absolute genius. Not being thin-skinned herself she never looked for that weakness in others; so had under all circumstances the most enviable coolness and self-possession. The graceful air with which she entered by the French window, kissed Bernard in motherly greeting, and shook hands with Miss Thelluson as if she had seen her only the day before, was most imitable.

"How comfortable you look here! it is quite a pleasure to see you. May I ask for a cup of tea? your tea always used to be so good, Miss Thelluson. And you had a visit from Lady Dunsmore? So had we afterwards. What a charming person she is; and a great friend of yours, I understand."

Hannah assented.

"I must congratulate you; for a lady, especially a single lady, is always judged by her choice of friends."

"I did not choose Lady Dunsmore for my friend; I was her governess."

"Indeed! Anyhow she has evidently a great regard for you. By-the-bye, does she know anything of the — the little uncomfortableness between us lately, which, as I came to say to-night, is, I trust, entirely a thing of the past. Don't speak, Bernard. In fact this visit is not meant for you. I came over to tell Miss Thelluson of something which — as Mr. Morecomb was the cause of difference between her and me" (Hannah opened her eyes) — "will, I trust, heal it. He is engaged to be married to my eldest daughter."

Hannah offered the customary good wishes.

"It is indeed a most suitable marriage, and we are quite pleased at it. So now, my dear, let bygones be bygones. Will you come with Bernard to meet Lady Dunsmore at dinner on Friday?"

Never was there a more composed putting of the saddle upon the wrong horse, ignoring everything that it was advisable to ignore, for the sake of convenience. And many a woman, prudent and worldly-wise, would have accepted it as such. But, unfortunately, Hannah was not a prudent woman. Against certain meanesses her spirit revolted with a fierceness that slipped all self-control.

She glanced towards Bernard, but his eyes were turned away; he had the moody, uncomfortable look of a man dragged unwillingly into women's wars. Thrown back upon herself, alone, quite alone, pride whispered that she must act as if she were alone, as if his love were all a dream, and she once more the solitary, independent Hannah Thelluson, who, forlorn as she was, had always been able till now to hold her own, had never yet experienced an insult or submitted tamely to an injury. She would not now.

"I thank you, Lady Rivers, for the trouble you have taken, but it will be quite impossible for me to accept your invitation."

Lady Rivers looked amazed. That any concession she made should not be joyfully received, that any invitation to the Moat-House should not be accepted with avidity; the thing was ridiculous. She paused a moment as if doubting she had heard aright, and then appealed to Bernard.

"Pray assure Miss Thelluson that she

need not hesitate. I have watched her narrowly of late, and have quite got over any little prejudices I might have had. I and the girls will be delighted to see her. Do persuade her to come with you."

"Excuse me, but I always leave Miss Thelluson to decide for herself."

The cold voice, the indifferent manner, though she knew both were advisable and inevitable, smote Hannah to the core. That bitter position of love and no love, ties and no ties, seemed to degrade her almost as if she had been really the vile thing that some people thought her.

"Mr. Rivers is right," she said. "I must decide for myself. You wished my visits to you to cease; I acquiesced; it will not be quite so easy to resume them. As Mr. River's sister-in-law and house-keeper I shall always be happy to see you in his house, but I fear you must excuse my coming to yours. Let us dismiss the subject. Shall I offer you a cup of tea?"

Her manner, gentle as it was, implied a resolution strong enough to surprise even Bernard. For Lady Rivers, she coloured, even beneath her delicate rouge — but she was too prudent to take offence.

"Thank you. Your tea, as I said, is always excellent; and perhaps when we have more attractions to offer you, we may yet see you at the Moat-House. In the meantime, I hope, Bernard, that Miss Thelluson's absence will not necessitate yours."

And she looked hard at him, determined to find out how he felt in the matter, and to penetrate, if possible, the exact relations between the two.

It was a critical moment. Most men, even the best of them, are, morally very great cowards, and Bernard was no exception to the rule. Besides, Hannah was not his wife, or his betrothed — she had not even called herself his friend: she had given him no rights over her — asked no protection from him. What could he do or say? Irresolute, he looked from one to the other — excessively uncomfortable — when Hannah came to the rescue.

"Of course my brother-in-law will go without me: we are quite independent in our proceedings. And he will explain to Lady Dunsmore — the utmost it is necessary to explain, as I never talk of my private affairs to anybody — that I do not pay many visits; I had rather stay at home with my little girl. That will be perfectly true," she added, her lips slightly quivering. "I prefer Rosie's company to anybody's. She loves me."

Bernard started up, and then, fearful of

having committed himself, sat down again. Lady Rivers, though evidently vexed, was equal to the situation, and met it with a dignified indifference.

"Pray, please yourself, Miss Thelluson; no doubt you act upon your own good reasons. You are, I always understood, a lady who never changes her mind; but if you should do so, we shall be glad to see you." And then she passed over the matter, as too trivial to bear further discussion, and conversed in the most amiable manner for another half-hour. Finally, with a benign "Good evening, Miss Thelluson; I am sure Lady Dunsmore will be much disappointed at not seeing you," she terminated the visit, as if it had been any ordinary call.

Hannah was not surprised: it was the fashion of the Rivers family not to see anything they did not wish to see: the only thing that vexed her was about Bernard. He had said nothing—absolutely nothing—except telling her, when he took his hat to accompany his step-mother home, that he would be back immediately. Was he displeased with her? Did he think she had acted ill? Had she done so? Was it her duty to submit to everything for his sake? Surely not. He had no right to expect it. Was it because she loved him that she felt so bitterly angry with him?

Yet, when, sooner than she had expected, he returned, and threw himself into a chair, pale and dejected, like a man tied and bound by fate, who sees no way to free himself—the anger melted, the pity revived. He too suffered—they suffered alike—why should they reproach one another?

"So, you have had your way, Hannah." Yes, there was reproach in the tone. "Are you quite sure you were right in what you have done?"

"Quite sure;—at least, that unless I were some other than myself, I could not have done differently."

And then they sat, silent, in stiff coldness, until the last ray of amber twilight had faded out of the room. What a pretty room it was—just the place to be happy in—for friends, or lovers, or husband and wife, to sit and dream together in the quiet gloaming, which all happy people love—which is so dreadful to the restless or the miserably.

"We should have rung for lights," cried Bernard, pulling violently at the bell. "You know I hate the dark."

And when the lights came, and they saw one another's faces—his was burn-

ing crimson, hers was pale and wet with tears.

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah, how miserable we are! As I said, if this goes on much longer, how shall we bear it?"

"I do not know." Then, steeling herself against both anger and pain, "Bernard," she said, "what did you wish me to do? Your family have no claim upon me nor I upon them. We are, as things stand, mere strangers. Are they to throw me off and pick me up again, when and how they choose? Am I to submit to it?"

"I did not ask you."

"No, but you looked it. You would have liked me to go to the Moat-House."

"Yes. I wish you to be friends with them. I want them to love you."

"They do not love me—they only receive me on sufferance, and I will go nowhere on sufferance, I can live alone. I want no society; but where I do go I want to be loved, I want to be respected. Oh, Bernard!" and she looked piteously in his face, "sometimes I am tempted to say with you,—if this last long, how shall I ever bear it?"

"How shall I bear it? It is harder for me than you."

"Perhaps. But you forget it was your doing, not mine."

And then both drew back, appalled at the sharpness of their words—at the bitterness of these mutual recriminations.

Bernard held out his hand. "Forgive me. You are right. It was I who brought all this trouble upon you, and now I have not strength to meet it—either for you or for myself. I am so miserable that it makes me wicked. Something must be done. What shall it be?"

"What indeed?"

"Hannah, decide. Don't look at me in that dead silence. Speak out, for I can bear it no longer. Shall we part? Or—will you marry me at once?"

He could hardly have known what he was saying, or else, in his despair, anything seemed possible to him. Not to her. She was very gentle. She did not even draw away her hands which he had grasped: she scarcely seemed to recognize the insult he was unwittingly offering her. She only answered, sorrowfully, yet without the slightest indecision, "We will part."

Three little words—but they brought Bernard to his senses immediately. He fell on his knees before her, and passionately begged her forgiveness.

"But you do not know what I suffer. Inwardly, outwardly—life is one long tor-

ment. At the Moat-House I have no peace. They talk at me—and at you; they try every means of worming out my secret from me. But they shall not. I will hide it at all costs. People may guess what they like—but we are safe so long as they know nothing. God help me! I talk as if we were committing a deadly sin, when my love of you is the best thing—the only good thing in me.” He looked up at Hannah, and ground his teeth. “It is an accursed law,” he said. “A law made only for fools, or sinners; and yet it may suffice to blast both our lives.”

“No,” Hannah answered, “nothing could do that—except ourselves.”

“A commonplace truth!” and Bernard laughed bitterly.

“It is God’s truth though; His right and wrong are much simpler than man’s.”

“What is right and what is wrong? for I am growing so mad I hardly know. Show me—preach to me—I used to tell you you could preach better than the clergyman. Only love me, Hannah—if there is any love in that pale, pure face of yours. Sometimes I think there is none.”

“None—oh, Bernard, none?”

For a minute she stooped over him; for a minute he felt that she had not a stone for a heart. And then the strong, firm, righteous will of the woman who, however deeply loving, could die, but would not do wrong, forced itself upon him, lulling passion itself into a temporary calm. He leant his head against her; he sobbed upon her arm like a child; and she soothed him almost as if he had been a child.

“Listen to me,” she said. “We must endure—there is no help for it. It is a cruel, unjust law, but it is the law, and while it exists we cannot break it. I could not twist my conscience in any possible way so as to persuade myself to break it. No form of marriage could ever make me legally your wife.”

“Not in England. Out of England it could.”

“But then—as soon as we came back to England, what should I be? And if, in the years to come—Oh Bernard, it is impossible, impossible!”

She said no more than that—how could she? But she felt it so intensely that, had it been necessary, she would have smothered down all natural shame, and said out to him—as solemnly as if it had been a vow before God—her determination never, for any personal happiness of her own, to entail upon innocent children the curse of a tainted name.

“I understand,” Bernard replied humbly. “Forgive me; I ought never to have said a word about our marrying. It must not be. I must go on my way alone to the end.”

“Not quite alone—oh, not quite alone.”

But, as if more afraid of her tenderness than of her coldness, Bernard rose, and began walking about the room.

“You must decide—as I said; for my own judgment altogether fails me. We cannot go on living as we do: some change must be thought of; but I cannot tell what it should be.”

“Why need it be?” said Hannah, timidly. “Can we not continue as we are?”

“No!” A fierce abrupt undeniable No.

“Then—I had better go away.” He looked so terrified that she hastily added, “Only for a time, of course—till the bitterness between you and your people softens—till we can see our way a little. It must be made plain to us some day; I believe it always is to those who have innocent hearts.”

And as she sat, her hands folded on her lap, pale and sad as she looked, there was such a sweet composure in her aspect, that Bernard stopped and gazed—gazed till the peace was reflected on his own.

“You are a saint, and I am—only a man. A very wretched man sometimes. Think for me—tell me what I ought to do.”

Hannah paused a little, and then suggested that he should, for a few weeks or so, part with Rosie and herself, and let them go, as Lady Dunsmore had earnestly wished, to pay her a visit in London.

“Did she say so?” said Bernard, with sensitive fear. “Do you think she said it with any meaning—that she has any idea concerning us?”

“You need not be afraid even if she had,” was the rather proud answer. “Alas! how quick they were growing to take offence, even at one another. Yes, it was best to part. ‘I mean,’ Hannah added, ‘that, even if she guessed anything, it would not signify. I shall confess nothing; and I have often heard her say that a secret accidentally discovered ought to be held just as if it had never been discovered at all. Be satisfied—neither Lady Dunsmore nor I shall betray you, even to one another.’”

And for a moment Hannah thought with comfort that this good woman was her



friend — had grown more and more such, as absence discovered to both their mutual worth. It would be a relief after the long strain to rest upon this genial feminine companionship — this warm and kindly heart.

"She will treat me like a friend too — not like her old governess, if you are uneasy about that. Or, if you like it better, I shall be received less as poor Hannah Thelluson than as Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law and Rosie's aunt. I am to go about with her everywhere — she made me quite understand that. A strange, changed life for me; but my life is all so strange!"

And Hannah sighed. She felt as if she had let her oars go, and was drifted about involuntarily, she knew not whither, hardly caring whether she should ever touch land; and if she did, whether it would be as a living woman, or a creature so broken down and battered that she could neither enjoy nor suffer any more? Who could tell; Fate must decide.

Mr. Rivers listened to her silently, but full of thought — thoughts which, perhaps, she could not have followed had she tried. He was a very good man, but he was also a man of the world: he would not have been a Rivers else. He saw at once the advantage of Lady Dunsmore's countenance — not merely because she happened to be a marquis's daughter and an earl's wife, but because in any society she was the sort of person whose friendship was valued and valuable. Was it human nature, or only masculine nature, that, dearly as he loved Hannah, Bernard unconsciously prized her the more because she was prized by such a woman as the Countess of Dunsmore?

"Go, then," he said. "I will not hinder you. Pay your visit; you will be happy; and it will in many ways be a good thing." Then with a nervous eagerness that, in spite of her reason, pained Hannah acutely — "When does she want you? How soon can you start?"

"Any day, since you are so glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, Hannah!"

They stood side by side, these two lovers, between whom was a barrier slight and invisible as glass, yet as impossible to be broken through without sore danger and pain. They could not break it; they dared not.

"Things are hard for us — very hard," said Bernard, almost in a groan. "We shall be better apart — at least for a time. I meant to have gone away my-

self to-morrow; but if you will go instead —"

"I cannot to-morrow. I will as soon as I can."

"Thank you."

She did not sob, though her throat was choking; she only prayed. Dimly she understood what he was suffering; but she knew he suffered very much. She knew, too, that however strangely it came out, — in bitterness, anger, neglect, still the love was there, burning with the intensity of a smothered fire — all the more for being suppressed. The strength which one, at least, of them must have, she only cried to heaven for — and gained.

"Good-bye," she said; "for we shall not talk thus together again. It is better not."

"I know it is. But you love me: I need not doubt that?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered. "Whatever happens, remember that; and oh! keep me in your heart till death."

"I will," he said; and snatching her close, held her there, tight and fast. For one minute only; then letting her go, he bade her once more "Good-night and good-bye," and went away.

Three days after, Miss Thelluson, the child, and the nurse started for London together, Mr. Rivers himself seeing them off from the railway.

Rosie was in an ecstasy of delight — to be "going in a puff-puff with Tannie" being to the little maid the crown of all human felicity. She kept pulling at her papa's hand, and telling him over and over again of her bliss; and every time he stopped and listened, but scarcely answered a word. Grace, too, looked glad to go. Easterham, with James Dixon still hovering about, was a cruel place for her to live in. Hannah only looked grave and pale; but she smiled whenever her little girl smiled; and to the one or two persons who spoke to her at the railway station, — where, of course, they were known to everybody, — she spoke also in her usual gentle way.

Only when Mr. Rivers kissed Rosie, saying, "Papa will miss his little girl," and then turning, shook hands with her silently, Hannah grew deadly pale for a minute. That was all. The train moved off, and she saw him walking back, solitary, to his empty house.

Life has many anguishes; but perhaps the sharpest of all is an anguish of which nobody knows.

## CHAPTER XII.

As we walk along, staggering under some heavy burthen, or bleeding with some unseen wound, how often do the small perplexities of life catch at us unawares, like briers, and vex us sore. Hannah, as she felt herself borne fast away from Easterham, conscious of a sense, half of relief, and half of bitter loss, was conscious too, of a ridiculously small thing which had not occurred to her till now, and which she would never have cared for on her own account, but she did on Bernard's. This was—how would Lady Dunsmore manage to receive back in her household, as an equal and familiar friend, her *ci-devant* governess? Not that Miss Thelluson had ever been treated in the way governesses are said to be treated, though it is usually their own fault; but she had, of course, taken her position, both with guests and servants, simply as the governess, and never sought to alter it. But this position Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law could no longer suitably hold. As the cab drove up to the old family mansion in Mayfair which she knew so well, Hannah felt a sense of uncomfortableness for which she was almost angry with herself.

But it was needless. Lady Dunsmore had that true nobility which, discovering the same in others, recognizes it at once, and acts accordingly. The slight difficulty which an inferior woman might have bungled over, she, with her gracious, graceful frankness, solved at once.

"You will establish Miss Thelluson and her niece in the blue rooms," said she to the housekeeper, who, seeing who the arrival was, came forward with a pleased but patronizing air. "And see that everything is made comfortable for the child and nurse, and that my friend here shall feel as much at home as if she were in her own house."

"Certainly, my lady." And the wise old woman slipped quietly behind her back the hand she was extending to Miss Thelluson, till Miss Thelluson took and shook it cordially, then curtseying, Mrs. Rhodes followed her respectfully to the blue rooms, which, as everybody knew, being in communication with the countess's were never assigned but to her favourite guests.

Thus, domestically, the critical point was settled at once. Socially, too, with equal decision.

"My friend, Miss Thelluson," said Lady Dunsmore, introducing her at once to two

ladies, aunts of Lord Dunsmore, who were in the drawing-room, and whom Hannah knew well enough, as they met her by sight. "We are so glad to have her back among us, with her little niece. She will be such a welcome visitor, and my little girls will perfectly spoil the child, if only for her sake; they were so fond of Miss Thelluson."

And when, to prove this, Lady Blanche and Lady Mary came in, leading little Rosie between them, and clung lovingly round their old governess's neck, Hannah felt perfectly happy—ay, even though Bernard was far away; and the remembrance of him striding forlornly to his deserted home, came across her like a painful, reproachful vision. And yet it was not unnatural. The transition from perplexity to peace, from suspicion to tender respect, from indifference or coldness to warm welcoming love, was very sweet. Not until the strain was taken off her, did Hannah feel how terrible it had been.

When Lady Dunsmore, as if to prove decisively the future relation in which they were to stand, came into her room before dinner, and sitting down in her white dressing-gown before the hearth—where aunt and niece were arranging together a beautiful Noah's ark—put her hand on Miss Thelluson's shoulder, saying, "My dear, I hope you will make yourself quite happy with us,"—Hannah very nearly broke down.

The countess stooped and began caressing the child, making solemn inquiries of her as to Noah and Mrs. Noah, their sons and sons' wives, and arranging them in a dignified procession across the rug.

"What a happy-looking little woman she is—this Rosie! And I hope her auntie is happy too? As happy as she expected to be?"

Hannah's self-control was sorely tested. This year past she had lived in an atmosphere of mingled bliss and torment, of passionate love and equally passionate coldness; been exposed to alternations of calm civility and rudeness almost approaching unkindness; but it was long since any one—any woman—had spoken to her in that frank, affectionate tone. She felt that Lady Dunsmore understood her; and when two good women once do this, they have a key to one another's hearts, such as no man, be he ever so dear, can quite get hold of.

As Hannah laid her cheek against the pretty soft hand—none the less soft that its grasp was firm, and none the less

pretty that it sparkled with diamonds—the tears came stealing down, and with them was near stealing out that secret which all the taunts in the world would never have forced from her.

But it must not be. It would compromise not herself alone. She knew well—she had made up her mind to the fact—that unless Bernard and she could be legally married, the relations between them must be kept strictly between their two selves. The world might guess as it chose—accuse as it chose, but not one confirmatory word must it get out of either of them. Out of her, certainly, it never should.

Therefore, she looked steadily up into her friend's face. "Yes; my little girl makes me very happy. You were right in once saying that a woman is only half a woman till she has a child. Of her own, you meant; but it is true even if not her own. I have found it to be so. I have almost forgotten I am not Rosie's real mother."

And then, aware of a keen inquisitiveness in Lady Dunsmore's look, Hannah blushed violently.

The countess dropped down again beside Noah's ark, and occupied herself, to Rosie's intense delight, in making a bridge over which all the animals could pass out, till the child and her new playfellow became the best of friends.

"Rosie is not much like her father, I think; and yet she has a look of him—his bright, merry look, such as he had before his trouble came. Is he getting over it at all? It is now a good while since your poor sister died."

"Rosie's age tells it—nearly three years."

"That is a long time for a man to mourn now a days. But——" checking herself, "I always thought Mr. Rivers very faithful-hearted, constant in his friendships, and, therefore, in his loves; and knowing how forlorn a man is who has once been married, I, for one, should never blame him if he made a second choice."

Hannah was silent; then seeing Lady Dunsmore paused for some acquiescence, she gave it in one or two meaningless words.

"And meantime, I conclude, you remain at Easterham. Your brother-in-law evidently appreciates your society, and the blessing you are to his little girl. He said as much to me. He told me he did not know what Rosie would have done without you, and that you and she are never to be parted. Is it so?"

"He promised me that I shall have her always."

"Even in case of his second marriage? But I beg your pardon, I really have no right to be curious about Mr. Rivers's domestic arrangements—I know him too slightly; but yet I cannot help taking an interest in him, for his own sake as well as for yours."

She pressed the hand she held, but asked no further questions—made no attempt whatever to find out what Hannah did not choose to tell. That noble confidence which exists among women oftener than they are given credit for, when each knows quite well the other's secret, but never betrays either to her friend or a stranger the silent, mutual trust—was henceforward established between the two. The moment Lady Dunsmore had closed the door, after talking a good while of Dunsmore topics, of her daughters, her husband, and a journey she wanted to take, only was hindered by Lord Dunsmore's determination to wait and vote for a bill that he greatly desired to see pass the House of Lords—"the Bill concerning deceased wife's sisters, in which you know he was always so interested"—Hannah felt certain that this sharp-witted little lady guessed her whole position as well as if she had told it. Also that she would keep the discovery herself, and aid in defending it from the outside world, as sacredly as if she had been pledged to inviolable secrecy, and bound by the honour of all the Dacres and Dunsmores.

With a sense of self-respect, and self-contentedness, greater than she had known for some time, Hannah dressed for dinner. Carefully too; for Bernard's sake;—since if the Countess guessed anything, she would have liked her to feel that it was not so unnatural, Bernard's loving her. On his account she was glad to be held an honoured guest; glad to be met cordially, and talked to with courteous attention at dinner-time by a man like the Earl of Dunsmore. Who, though rumour said his wife had made him all that he was—had roused him from the *dolce far niente* life of an idle young nobleman into a hard-working man, was a person who in any rank of life would have been useful and esteemed. And he spoke of Bernard—whom he said he had met several times when in London—with warm regard.

This was sweet to her; and equally sweet was the unconscious contrast of coming back to her old haunts under new conditions and circumstances. Often, during some pause of silence, she secretly

counted up her blessings — how rich she was who had once been so poor. And when, at desert, there stole in, hand-in-hand with little Lady Isabel, who had grown from a baby into a big girl since Miss Thelluson left, a certain white fairy in blue ribbons, who, looking round the dazzling room with a pretty bewilderedness, caught sight of one known face, and ran and hid her own lovingly in Tannie's lap, — Tannie's heart leaped with joy. The child — her own child! — nothing and nobody could take that treasure from her. She and Bernard might never be married; weary of long waiting, he might give up loving her, and marry some one else; but he was a man of honour — he would always leave her the child.

"Rosie does you the greatest credit," said Lord Dunsmore, smiling at the little woman, and trying to win her — but vainly — from Tannie's arms. "She is a charming child."

Hannah laughed. "Then you will endorse the proverb about old maid's children?" said she.

Was it because he looked at her, or because of her own conscious heart, that one of those horrible sudden blushes came, and with it the sense of hypocrisy — of always bearing about with her a secret, which, sinless as she felt it was, everybody might not consider so. For even this night, though the dinner-circle was small Lord Dunsmore's known advocacy of the Bill, caused it to be discussed on all sides — argued *pro* and *con* by friends and enemies, in a way that neither host nor hostess could repress without attracting attention. At length, perhaps out of wise kindness, they ceased trying to repress it, and Hannah heard the whole question of whether a man might or might not marry his deceased wife's sister argued out logically and theologically, as she had never heard it before, together with all the legal chances for and against the Bill. She could not shut her ears — she dared not: for what to all these others was a mere question of social or political opinion, was to her a matter of life and death. So she sat quiet, keeping, by a strong effort, her countenance as still as a stone, and her voice, when she had to speak, just like that of any other dinner-table guest, who joined placidly, or carelessly, or combatively, in the conversation that was going on. It was best so; best to buckle on at once the armour that, in all probability, she would have to wear through life.

Lord Dunsmore seemed hopeful of his cause. He had entered into it, unlike

many others, from purely impersonal motives — from a simple sense of right and justice; and he had a strong faith, he said, that the right would conquer at last.

"Not," he added laughing, "that I want to compel every man to marry his deceased wife's sister, as some people seem to think I do; I am sure I have not the slightest wish ever to marry mine! But I consider all restrictions upon marriage made by neither God nor nature, a mistake and a wrong. And any law which creates a false and unnatural position between man and woman is an equal wrong. Let there be no shams. Let a man have his natural mother, sister, wife, but no anomalous relationships which pretending to all, are in reality none of the three."

"And," said Lady Dunsmore mischievously, "such is the nature of man, that when all these pretty pretences were broken down, and a man must either marry a lady or have nothing to say to her, I believe he would choose the latter course. You are such contradictory creatures, you men, that I suspect as soon as all of you might marry your wives' sisters, you would none of you desire to do it! But, come, we ladies have had enough of the Marriages Bill, though everybody must put up with it in this house; for when my husband gets a hobby he rides it to death. I ride with him, too, on this one," she added, as stepping aside to let her matron guests pass into the drawing-room, she quietly, and without any apparent intention, took hold of Miss Thelluson's hand. There was something in the warm, firm clasp, so sympathetic, that for very gratitude Hannah could have wept.

The subject ended with the closing of the dining-room door; no one suspecting for a moment that one guest present had a vital interest therein. The ladies gathered round the fire, and the countess, who was as popular and agreeable with her own sex as she was with gentlemen, began talking gaily of other things. And so Hannah's ordeal, from which no one could save her, from which it would have been dangerous to attempt to save her, passed by for the time being.

It was a very happy evening; not exactly a family evening — the public life the Dunsmares led precluded that — but with a great deal of familiness about it; more than Hannah had ever imagined could be, in the days when she sat aloof in her attic parlour, and spent her lonely evenings, empty of love, and feeling that love would never revisit her more. Now,

when she saw Lord Dunsmore speak caressingly to his wife, and watched one young couple slip away into the inner parlour — Lady Dunsmore had a proverbial faculty of allowing young people to fall in love at her house; not make a marriage, but really fall in love — Hannah remembered, with a strange leap of the heart, that her love-days, too, were to come — not past.

Yes, she had been loved — she was loved — even like these. She had felt once — just once — Bernard's arms close around her, and his kiss upon her mouth; and when, solemnly and tenderly rather than passionately, she thought of this — in the very house and among the very people where she had once been so lonely, yet not unblest or discontented in her loneliness — it seemed as if she could never be lonely any more.

When she quitted the drawing-room — coming out of the glitter and the show, yet not unreal or painful show; for there was heart-warmth beneath it all — and went back into her own room, Hannah was happy too.

For there, from a crib in the corner, came the soft breathing of "auntie's darling," who always slept beside her now. She had taken her during some slight illness of Grace's, and could not again relinquish the fond charge. It gave her such a sense of rest, and peace, and content — the mere consciousness of little Rosie asleep beside her — it seemed to drive away all the evil angels that sometimes haunted her, the regrets and despondencies over a lot that such a little more would have made quite perfect; and yet that little could not be. Regrets, all the sharper that they were not altogether for herself. For she had Rosie; and she was secretly, almost contritely, aware that Rosie was almost enough to make her happy. Not so with Bernard. As she sat over her pleasant fire, she could have blamed herself for that peace of heart in which he could not share.

He had begged her to write to him regularly, and she had agreed; for she saw no reason why both should not take every comfort that fate allowed them. Yet when she sat down she knew not what to say. How was she to write to him — as her brother, her friend, her betrothed? He was all three, and yet neither; and he might never be anything else.

She dropped her pen, and fell into deep thought. Putting herself entirely aside, was it right to allow Bernard, a young man in the prime of his days, to bind him-

self by an uncertain bond, which debarred him from the natural joys of life, and exposed him to the continual torment of hope deferred, which to a woman would be hard enough, but to a man was all but unendurable.

Now that she was away from Easterham — escaped from the nightmare-like influence of the life, half bliss, half torture, which she had led there — she tried to feel in this new place like a new person, and to judge her own position calmly, as if it had been that of some one else. She thought over, deliberately, every word she had heard from Lord Dunsmore and others that night, and tried to count what reasonable chances there were of the only thing which could ever make her Bernard's wife — the passing of the Bill they had talked about. Vain speculation — as hundreds in this land know only too well. The result was, that instead of the letter she had meant to write, she sat down and wrote another. Such an one as many a woman has written, too, with bleeding heart and streaming eyes, though the words may have been calm and cold. She implored him for his own sake to consider whether he could not conquer his ill-fated love for herself, and find among the many charming girls he was always meeting, some one whom he could love and marry, and be happy.

"I only want you to be happy," she wrote. "I shall never blame you — never tell any human being you once cared for me. And you will think of me tenderly still — as you do of my sister Rosa. And you will leave me Rosa's child?"

Then she planned, in her clear, common-sense way, how this was to be managed; how he was to pay her a yearly sum — she would refuse nothing — for the maintenance of her niece, whom she would herself educate, perhaps abroad, which would make an ostensible reason for the separation.

"She will comfort me for all I lose, more than you think. She will be a bit of her mother and of you, always beside me; and your letting me take care of her will be almost equivalent to your taking care of me, as you wanted to do, but my hard fate would not allow it."

And then all she was resigning rushed back upon Hannah's mind; the sweetness of being loved, the tenfold sweetness of loving.

"Oh, my Bernard, my Bernard!" she sobbed, and thought if she could once again, for only one minute, have her arms round his neck, and her head on his shoul-



der, the giving him up would be less hard. And she wondered how she could have been so thoughtlessly happy an hour ago, when things were in exactly the same position as now, only she saw them in a different light. Mers was one of those bitter destinies, in which the aspect of circumstances, often even of duties, changed every hour.

Still, re-reading her letter, she felt it must go, just as it was. It was right he should know her exact mind, and be set free to act as was best for himself. She finished and sealed it; but she wept over it very much, so much that her child heard her.

A little white ghost with rosy cheeks peeped over the crib-side, and stared, half-frightened, round the unfamiliar room.

"Rosie wake up! Tannie tying! Then Rosie ty too." Then came a little wail — "Tannie take her, in Tannie own arms!"

No resisting that. All love-anguish, love-yearning, fled far away; and Hannah half-forgot Bernard in her innocent passion for Bernard's child.

The letter went, but it brought no answer back. At first Hannah scarcely expected one. He would naturally take time to consider his decision, and she had put it to him as an absolute decision, proposing that, after this event, neither she nor Rosie should go back to Easterham. If he was to be free, the sooner he was free the better. Suspense was sore, as she knew.

A letter of his had crossed hers, written at the very hour she wrote, but in oh! such a different tone, — a real love-letter, out of the deepest heart of an impulsive man, to whom nothing seems impossible. How hard, how cruel must hers have seemed! Still, she was glad she had written it. More and more, the misery of a woman who feels that her love is not a blessing, but a misfortune, to her lover, forced itself upon Hannah's mind. Through all the present pleasantness, of her life, her long idle mornings with her darling, her afternoons with Lady Dunsmore, shopping, visiting, or enjoying that charming companionship which was fast growing into the deliberate friendship of middle age, often firmer than that of youth, — through all this came the remembrance of Bernard, not as a joy, as at first, but an actual pain.

For his silence continued: nay, seemed to be intentionally maintained. He forwarded her letters in blank envelopes, without a single word. Was he offended with her? Had she, in her very love,

struck him so hard that he could not forgive the blow?

"I hope your brother-in-law is well," Lady Dunsmore would say, courteously looking away while Hannah opened the daily letter, at first with a trembling anxiety, afterwards with a stolid patience that expected nothing. "We shall be delighted to see him here. And, tell him, he ought to come soon, or his little girl will forget him. Three weeks is a long trial of memory at her age."

"Oh, Rosie will not forget papa. And he is busy — very busy in his parish." For Hannah could not bear he should be thought to neglect his child.

Yet how explain that she could not deliver the message, could not write to him, or ask him to come? His possible coming was the greatest dread she had. Apart from him she could be stern and prudent: but she knew if he stood before her, with his winning looks and ways — his sisters sometimes declared that from babyhood nobody ever could say no to Bernard — all her wisdom would melt away in utter tenderness.

By-and-by, the fear, or the hope — it seemed a strange mixture of both — came true. One day, returning from a drive, leaving Lady Dunsmore behind somewhere, she was told there was a gentleman waiting for her.

"Papa! papa! Dat papa's stick!" shrieked Rosie in an ecstasy, as her sharp young eyes caught sight of it in the hall.

Hannah's heart stood still; but she must go on, the child dragged her. And Rosie, springing into papa's arms, was a shield to her aunt greater than she knew.

Mr. Rivers kissed his little girl fondly. Then wasting no time in sentiment, the butterfly creature struggled down from him, and offered him a dilapidated toy.

"Rosie's horse broken — papa mend it."

"Papa wishes he could mend it, with a few other broken things!" said Mr. Rivers bitterly, till, seeing Rosie's pitiful face, he added, "Never mind, my little woman; papa will try. Go with Grace now, and I will come and see Rosie presently."

And so he shut the door upon nurse and child, in a way that made Hannah see clearly he was determined to speak with her alone. But his first words were haughty and cold.

"I suppose it is scarcely necessary for me to apologize for coming to see my daughter? I had likewise another errand in London — Adeline is here consulting a doctor. She has been worse of late."

"I am very sorry."

Then he burst out:—"You seem to be sorry for everybody in the world—except me! How could you write me that letter? As if my fate were not hard enough before, but you must go and make it harder."

"I wished to lighten it."

"How? By telling me to go and marry some one else? What sort of creature do you think a man must be—more what sort of creature is he likely to grow to—who loves one woman and marries another? For I love you. You may not be young, or beautiful, or clever. I sometimes wonder what there is about you that makes me love you. I fight against my love with every argument in my power. But there it is, and it will not be beaten down. I will marry you, Hannah, if I can. If not, I will have as much of you—your help, your companionship, as ever I can. When are you coming home?"

"Home?"

"I say it is home: it must be. Where else should you go to? I cannot be parted from my daughter. Rosie cannot be parted from you. For Rosie's sake, my house must be your home."

"What shall I do?" said Hannah, wringing her hands. "What shall I do?"

She thought she had made her meaning plain enough: but here was the work all to do over again. If she had ever doubted Bernard's loving her, she had no doubt of it now. It was one of those mysterious attractions, quite independent of external charms, and deepened by every influence that daily intimacy can exercise. She fully believed him when he said, as he kept saying over and over again, that if he did not marry her he would never marry any other woman. And was she to bid him go away, and never see her more? This when their love was no unholy love, when it trenched upon no natural rights, when no living soul could be harmed by it, and many benefited, as well as they themselves?

Hannah could not do it. All her resolutions melted into air, and she let him see that it was so. Anyhow, he saw his power, and used it. With a hungry heart he clasped and kissed her.

"Now we are friends again. I have been hating you for days, but I'll forgive you now. You will not write me any more such letters? We will try not to quarrel again."

"Quarrel! O Bernard!" and then she made him let her go, insisting that they

must be friends, and only friends, just now.

"Perhaps you are right. I beg your pardon. Only let me hold your hand."

And so they sat together, silent, for ever so long, till both had recovered from their agitation. Hannah made him tell her about Adeline, who was fast declining, nobody quite saw why; but they thought some London doctor might find it out. And Adeline herself was eager to come.

"Chiefly, I think, because you are here. She wants you, she says. She will not have any of her own sisters to nurse her; to Bertha especially she has taken a violent dislike, only we don't mind the fancies of an invalid. I brought Adeline up to town myself. Her husband had some business to attend to; but he comes up with Bertha to-morrow."

"He should have come with his wife to-day," and then Hannah stopped herself. Of what use was it to open the family eyes to an impossible, and therefore imaginary wrong? What good would it do? probably much harm. Yet her heart ached for unfortunate Adeline.

She suggested going at once to see her, for Bernard had left her close at hand, in one of those dreary lodgings, which seem chiefly occupied by invalids, the most of London fashionable physicians living in streets hard by. Their patients come to be near them, settling down for a few weeks in these sad rooms to recover or to die, as fate might choose.

"Yes, do let me go," repeated Hannah.

"Shall I fetch Rosie to play with papa while I leave a message for Lady Dunsmore?"

When she came back with the child in her arms Bernard told her she looked quite her old self again. So did he. And she was glad to throw the shield of their former peaceful, simple life over the strong passion that she perceived in him, and felt more and more in herself—the smothered, silent tragedy which might embitter all their coming days.

And yet when she found herself walking with him in the safe loneliness of Regent Street crowds, Hannah was not unhappy. Her long want of him had made him terribly dear. He, too, appeared to snatch at the present moment with a wild avidity,

"Only to be together—together," said he, as he drew her arm through his and kept it there. And the love thus cruelly suppressed seemed to both a thing compared to which all young people's love—young

people who can woo and marry like the rest of the world—was pale and colourless. Theirs, resistance had but strengthened, because it was only a struggle against circumstance: unmingled with any conscience-strings, like as of those who fight against some sinful passion. But their passion, though legally forbidden, was morally pure and free from blame.

So they walked on together; content, accepting the joy of the hour, making gay remarks and peeping into shop-windows, in a childish sort of way, till they reached the gloomy house where Bernard's sister lay. Then they forgot themselves and thought only of her.

Adeline was greatly changed. Never very pretty, now she was actually plain. There was a sickly ghastliness about her, a nervous, fretful look, which might be either mental or physical, probably was a combination of both. Not a pleasant wife for a man to come home to; and young Mr. Melville, who was a mere ordinary country squire, without any tastes beyond hunting, shooting, and fishing, was a little to be pitied too. Still men must take their wives, as women their husbands, for better for worse.

"I am very ill, you see, Miss Thelluson," said the invalid, stretching out a weary hand. "It was very kind of Bernard to take all this trouble to bring me up to a London doctor, but I don't think it will do any good."

Hannah uttered some meaningless hope, but faintly, for she saw death in the girl's face. She was only a girl still, and yet in some ways it was the face of an old woman. The smothered pangs of half a lifetime seemed written there.

"I bring good news," said Bernard cheerfully. "I found a letter in the hall saying that Herbert will be here to-morrow, possibly even to-night."

Adeline looked up eagerly.

"To-night! And anybody with him?"

"Bertha, I believe. Her mother insisted she should come."

A miserable fire flashed in the poor sunk-en eyes.

"She shall not come! I will not have her! I want no sisters; my maid is nurse enough. Besides, it is all a sham, a wretched sham. Bertha has no notion of nursing anybody!"

"I think you are mistaken, dear," said Bernard soothingly. "Hannah, what do you say? Ought not her sister to be with her?"

Hannah dropped her eyes; and yet she felt the miserable girl was watching her

with an eagerness actually painful, as if trying to find out how much she guessed of her dreary secret; which, weak and silly as she was in most things, poor Adeline had evidently kept with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

"I see no use in Bertha's coming," said she again, with a great effort at self-control. "I know her better than Hannah does. She is no companion to an invalid; she hates sickness. She will be always with Herbert, not with me. I heard them planning Rotten Row in the morning, and theatres every night. They are strong, and healthy, and lively, while I —"

The poor young wife burst into tears.

"I will stay beside her," whispered Hannah to Bernard. "Go you away."

After he was gone Adeline burst out hysterically: "Keep her away from me! the sight of her will drive me wild. Keep them all away from me, or I shall betray myself, I know I shall. And then they will all laugh at me, and say it is ridiculous nonsense; as perhaps it is. You see"—clutching Hannah's hand—"she is by law his sister too. He couldn't marry her, not if I were dead twenty times over. Sometimes I wish he could, and then they dared not go on as they do. I could turn her out of the house, like any other strange woman who was stealing my husband's heart from me!"

Hannah made no answer; tried to seem as if she did not hear. Incurable griefs are sometimes best let alone; but this of Adeline's, having once burst its bonds, would not be let alone.

"Tell me," she said, grasping Hannah's hand—"you are a good woman—you will tell me true—is it all nonsense my feeling this as I do? How would you feel if you were in my place? And if you were Bertha would you do as she does? Would you try to make your sister's husband fond of you, as he ought not to be of any woman except his wife, and then say 'Oh, it's all right, we're brother and sister?' But is it right? Hannah Thelluson, is it right? Suppose your sister had been living, how would it have been between you and Bernard?"

A startling way of putting the question, far more so than the questioner dreamed of. For a moment, Hannah winced, and then her strong, clear, common sense, as well as her sense of justice, came to the rescue and righted her at once.

"You might as well ask how it would have been between me and any other woman's husband in whose house I happened to stay. Of course he would have been

nothing to me — nothing whatever. I am not married," she added, smiling, "and I can not quite judge of married people's feelings. But I think if I ever loved a man well enough to be his wife, I should not be a jealous wife at all. Sister or friend might come about the house as much as he chose. I could trust him, for I could trust myself. I would be so much to him that he would never care for anybody but me. That is, while living. When I was dead" — there Hannah paused, and tried solemnly to put herself in the place of a dead wife — of Bernard's dead wife viewing him tenderly from the celestial sphere — "if the same love for my sister or my friend, which would be his degradation in my lifetime, could be his blessing afterwards, let him take it and be blessed!"

Adeline looked astounded. But the hidden sore had been opened, the cleansing healing touch had been applied. There was a reasonableness in her expression, as she replied —

"That is altogether a new notion of love. You might not feel so if you were married, or if you were really fond of anybody. Now I was very fond of Herbert, even when I knew he liked Bertha. But when he liked me, and married me — seeing that it made him safe never to marry my sister — I thought I could not possibly be jealous again. No more I am, in one sense. They will never do anything wrong. But there's a great deal short of doing wrong that breaks a wife's heart; and they have broken mine — they have broken mine!"

Again rose up the feeble wail of the weak affectionate soul, who yet had not the power to win or command affection. From sheer pity, Hannah forbore to blame.

"Why not speak to them plainly?" suggested she at last. "Why not tell them they are making you unhappy?"

"And be laughed at for my pains, as a sickly, jealous-minded fool! Because he can't ever marry her — the law forbids that, you know. After I am dead he must choose somebody else, and she too, and nobody will blame them for anything; and yet they have killed me."

"Hush — hush!" said Hannah; "that is not true — not right. You yourself allowed they meant no harm, and will never do anything wrong."

"What is wrong?" cried poor Adeline

piteously. "I want my husband — his company, his care, his love; and I don't get him. He turns to somebody else. And I hate that somebody — even if she is my own sister. And I wish I could drive her out of the house — that I do! or shame her openly, as if she were any strange girl who dared come flirting with my husband. They're wicked women all of them, and they break the hearts of us poor wives!"

There was a certain bitter truth under Adeline's frenzied fancies; but Hannah had no time to reply to either. For while they were talking, there was a bustle outside. Gay, blooming, excited with her journey, Bertha Rivers burst in, Mr. Melville following her.

"So I am come, Addy dear, though you didn't want me. But you'll be glad of me, I know. Why you're looking quite rosy again; isn't she, Herbert?"

Rosy she was; for her cheeks burnt like coals. But the husband, as he carelessly kissed her, never found it out; and Bertha, in her redundant health and exuberant spirits, never noticed the dead silence of her sister's welcome — the sullen way in which she turned her face to the wall, and left them to their chatter and their mirth.

It was the same all the evening; for Hannah, at Adeline's earnest request, had stayed. Mrs. Melville scarcely spoke a word. Their plans were discussed, sometimes including her, sometimes not; but all were talked of freely before her. It never seemed to occur to any one — not even to Bernard — that Adeline was dying. And with that wonderful self-command which perhaps only the conscious approach of death could have given to so weak a nature, Adeline never betrayed, by look or word, the secret jealousy that at any rate had helped to sap her frail life away.

"Come and see me every day," she whispered when Miss Thelluson wished her good-bye. "I'll try and remember what you said; but please forget everything I said. Let nobody guess at it. I shall not trouble any of them very long."

Hannah walked home, strangely silent and sad, even though she was beside Bernard; and feeling, as one often is forced to feel, that other people's miseries would perhaps be worse to bear than one's own.

From Nature.  
OPENING OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

THE project of constructing a tunnel under the Alps — one of the favourite designs of that ardent patriot and eminent statesman, the late Count Cavour — has now been accomplished, thanks to the skill of the Italian engineers. The scientific requirements and methods adopted are well stated in a recent article in the *Daily News*, to which we are indebted for the following interesting particulars: —

The tunnel was commenced on the 15th of August, 1857. The two points at which it was determined to begin the boring were two wretched little Alpine villages, Bardonnecchia and Fourneaux, the former on the Italian, the latter on the French side of Mont Fréjus, the tunnel being nearly pierced under the above-named mountain, and not, as common report would have it, beneath Mont Cenis. These two villages were of the smallest size and most miserable character, and offered no accommodation whatever to the many hundred workmen employed on either side the mountain. Bardonnecchia, on the Piedmontese side, is a village which, in 1857, when the works commenced, contained about 1,000 souls. The houses in it were really little better than huts, being mostly occupied by shepherds, who were absent with their flocks on the mountains during the summer months. At Fourneaux things were even worse, there being an ordinary population of only 400 inhabitants.

The first problem to be solved, says Mr. Fras. Kossuth, one of the Royal Commissioners of Italian Railways, in his able report on the Mont Cenis Tunnel, was three-fold. (1) To fix across the mountain several points which would all be contained in the vertical plane drawn through the axis of the tunnel. (2) To obtain the exact length between the openings. (3) To know the precise difference of level between the two extremities of the tunnel, so as to obtain the proper gradients. In order to execute this programme, a series of observations was established on all the favourable points, and an elaborate trigonometrical survey of the district was commenced. By the end of the season little could be done in the way of surveying; in the winter of the year 1858 all the surveys relating to the alignment and to the length of the tunnel were completed, and all was ready to compile the longitudinal section along the axis of the tunnel. The whole system consisted of twenty-eight

triangles, and eighty-six was the number of measured angles. All of these were repeated never less than ten times, the greater part twenty, and the most important as many as sixty times. To give the reader an idea of the extraordinary care and accuracy with which the surveying operations were carried out, it may be mentioned that Signor Mondino repeated his experiments for obtaining the level of the tunnel, or rather of the signals over the mountain in 1857 and 1858, and the difference in the two surveys (over more than 13,000 yards), was only 3·93 inches. Even this was reduced afterwards by Signor Termine to 1·57 inch. The preliminary measurements gave a distance of 13,861·5 yards between the two temporary openings. We say temporary openings, because, although the tunnel is itself constructed in a perfectly straight line from Fourneaux to Bardonnecchia, passengers will not pass through the original straight tunnel, but will be conveyed through a branch one which joins the main line a short distance from Fourneaux. The nature of the ground was such as to necessitate the definite and permanent tunnel being taken through the mountain in a curve; but even the unprofessional reader will see that a straight line was indispensable, in order to secure not only accuracy of direction, but also a through draught of air through the whole length of the tunnel. A most important consideration this latter, as one of the main objections brought against the scheme was the supposed difficulty there would be in keeping the tunnel thoroughly well ventilated. It was also much easier to transmit the necessary motive power along a straight line than on a curve. The tunnel, although its axis was straight, was not constructed on a dead level. The gradients were: From the Bardonnecchia (Italian) end, 4,408·50 feet above the level of the sea, 1 in 2,000 (0·002 per metre) for a distance of 20,997·33 feet. From the Fourneaux entrance (French side), 3,945 feet above the sea, the rising gradient was 1 in 43·4782 (·023 per metre) for 20,587 feet.

The absolute figures are as follows:

Total length of the tunnel,	13,864·86 yards.
Elevation above the sea-level of the Bardonnecchia entrance	4,381·25
Rise of gradient of 1 in 2,000 for 20,997·33 feet	10·024
Summit level from Bardonnecchia	4,391·274



Elevation above sea-level at Fourneaux entrance	3,946.50
Rise of gradient of 1 in 45,045 for 200,045-10 feet	445.00
Summit level from Fourneaux	4,391.50

This shows a very slight difference from the calculations of the summit level as reckoned at Bardonnecchia, and gives a mean level for the highest point of 4,391.386 feet. The greatest height of the mass of the Alps over the tunnel is 5,307 feet.

After giving these figures, it may be of interest to present the reader with the account given by an eye-witness, M. Génési, of the meeting of the workmen last winter in the depths of the earth, more than 5,000 feet beneath the summit of Mont Fréjus. "On the 9th of November, 1871," says M. Génési, "I was on my regular round of inspection as usual, when I fancied I heard through the rocks the noise of the explosion of the mines on the Bardonnecchia side. I sent a dispatch to discover if the hours agreed. They did, and then there could be no longer any doubt we were nearing the goal. Each following day the explosions were to be heard more and more distinctly. At the beginning of December we heard quite clearly the blows of the perforators against the rocks. Then we vaguely heard the sound of voices. But were we going to meet at the same level and in the same axis? For three days and three nights engineers, foremen, and heads of gangs never left the tunnel. The engineers Borelly and Boni directed the works on the Bardonnecchia side, M. Copello on that of Fourneaux. We could not eat or sleep; every one was in a state of fever. At length, on the morning of the 26th December, the rock fell in near the roof. The breach was made, and we could see each other and shake hands. The same evening the hole was clear—the last obstacle—and the mountain was pierced, our work was done. What a rejoicing we had! In spite of the war, the cheers of all scientific Europe came to find us in the entrails of our mountain when the happy termination of our enterprise became known. The two axes met almost exactly; there was barely half a yard error. The level on our side was only 60 centimetres (less than three-quarters of a yard) too high. But after thirteen years of continual work, who could even hope for so perfect a result? We placed at the point of junction an inscription on a marble tablet, commemorative of the happy event."

How was the happy event brought

about? For the variation of less than a yard in more than 13,000 is surely one of the triumphs of modern engineering skill. We cannot do better than borrow the description of the method pursued given by Mr. Kossuth:—"The observatories placed at the two entrances to the tunnel were used for the necessary observations, and each observatory contained an instrument constructed for the purpose. This instrument was placed on a pedestal of masonry, the top of which was covered with a horizontal slab of marble, having engraved upon its surface two intersecting lines marking a point, which was exactly in the vertical plane containing the axis of the tunnel. The instrument was formed of two supports fixed on a tripod, having a delicate screw adjustment. The telescope was similar to that of a theodolite, provided with cross webs and strongly illuminated by the light from a lantern, concentrated by a lens, and projected upon the cross webs. In using this instrument in checking the axis of the gallery at the northern entrance, for example, after having proved precisely that the vertical flame, corresponding with the point of intersection of the lines upon the slab, also passed through the centre of the instrument, a visual line was then conveyed to the station at Lachalle (on the mountain), and on the instrument being lowered the required number of points could be fixed in the axis of the tunnel. In executing such an operation it was necessary that the tunnel should be free from smoke or vapour. The point of collimation was a plummet suspended from the roof of the tunnel by means of an iron rectangular frame, in one side of which a number of notches were cut, and the plummet was shifted from notch to notch, in accordance with the signals of the operator at the observatory. These signals were given to the man whose business it was to adjust the plummet by means of a telegraph or a horn. The former was found invaluable throughout all these operations. At the Bardonnecchia entrance the instrument employed in setting out the axis of the tunnel was similar to the one already described, with the exception that it was mounted on a little carriage, resting on vertical columns that were erected at distances 500 metres apart in the axis of the tunnel. By the help of the carriage the theodolite was first placed on the centre line approximately. It was then brought exactly into line by a fine adjustment screw, which moved the eyepiece without shifting the carriage. In

order to understand more clearly the method of operating the instrument, the mode of proceeding may be described. In setting out a prolongation of the centre line of the tunnel, the instrument was placed upon the last column but one; a light was stationed upon the last column, and exactly in its centre, and 500 metres ahead a trestle frame was placed across the tunnel. Upon the horizontal bar of this trestle several notches were cut, against which a light was placed and fixed with proper adjusting screws. The observer standing at the instrument caused the light to move upon the trestle frame until it was brought into an exact line with the instrument and the first light, and then the centre of the light was projected with a plummet. In this way the exact centre was found. By a repetition of similar operations the vertical plane containing the axis of the tunnel was laid out by a series of plummet lines. During the intervals that elapsed between consecutive operations with the instruments, the plummets were found to be sufficient for maintaining the direction in making the excavation. To maintain the proper gradients in the tunnel it was necessary at intervals to establish fixed levels, deducing them by direct levelling from standard bench marks placed at short distances from the entrances. The fixed

level marks in the inside of the tunnel are made upon stone pillars placed at intervals of 25 metres, and to these were referred the various points in setting out the gradients."

There will be two lines of rail in the tunnel. The vault itself will be six metres high and eight metres wide. The tunnel will be walled in along its whole length, and the lime rock will be nowhere exposed. The thickness of the internal masonry forming the tube is from half a yard to a yard and more according to circumstances. On the French side the masonry cost on the average 1,300 francs the square metre. On the Italian side only 1,000 francs. The tunnel is wonderfully dry in comparison with many smaller works. There is only one subterranean spring of any importance in it. A water course, or rather aqueduct, has been constructed beneath the permanent way, in order to carry off any water which might drain into the tunnel.

Much has been said about the heat in the tunnel. All accounts agree that it is not excessive, and a recent French visitor to the tunnel gives the following figures:—At the entrance, 54° Fahrenheit; at the telegraph station inside, 76° Fahrenheit; the average temperature being about 65° Fahrenheit.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT happened the other day in the streets of London. It appears that a huge steam roller was in Pall Mall on its way to St. James Park, to be used on some paving work. At 12 o'clock the driver of the engine concluded to go and get his dinner. He therefore shut off steam, and left the engine standing near a statue in front of the Pall Mall Restaurant. A crowd of people soon gathered round, including some mischievous boys, one of whom got on the engine and managed in some way to start it. This done the lad ran away. The locomotive, to the dismay of the bystanders, started off, at first slowly, but continually increasing its speed, and presently spread consternation all around. Its first direction was for the statue, which it would probably have overthrown if not demolished, but when close up to it, the engine turned capriciously almost at a right angle, went straight across the street, and into the shop of Mr. Thompson, a photographic colorist. Its entrance was effected by the window, which was totally smashed, and not only this, but the heavy stone façade under-

neath the glass was also shattered to fragments. Several ladies standing in front of the window were slightly hurt, and one gentleman seriously. Two other ladies fainted in the crowd, and, being trampled under foot, received bad, although not dangerous injuries. The devastation committed by the unruly machine in the window, which was full of pictures and other fragile articles, is said to have been indescribable, and it is easy to believe that a bull in a china-shop could have been nothing to it.

THE STARS.—"If the stars," writes Emerson, "should appear only one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

## CHAPTER VI.

## FINDS A HOME OF SOME SORT.

HOWEVER, it was high time now, if we had any hope at all of getting into Sker-house that night, to be up and moving. For though Evan Thomas might be late, Moxy, his wife, would be early; and the door would open to none but the master after the boys were gone to bed. For the house is very lonely; and people no longer innocent as they used to be in that neighbourhood.

I found the child quite warm and nice, though overwhelmed with weight of sleep; and setting her crosswise on my shoulder, whence she slid down into my bosom, over the rocks I picked my way by the light of the full clear moon, towards the old Sker-Grange, which stands a little back from the ridge of beach, and on the edge of the sand hills.

This always was, and always must be, a very sad and lonesome place, close to a desolate waste of sand, and the continual roaring of the sea upon black rocks. A great grey house, with many chimneys, many gables, and many windows, yet not a neighbour to look out on, not a tree to feed its chimneys, scarce a firelight in its gables in the very depth of winter. Of course, it is said to be haunted; and though I believe not altogether in any stories of that kind—despite some very strange things indeed which I have beheld at sea—at any rate, I would rather not hear any yarns on that matter just before bedtime in that house; and most people would agree with me, unless I am much mistaken.

For the whole neighbourhood—if so you may call it, where there are no neighbours—is a very queer one—stormy, wild, and desolate, with little more than rocks and sand and sea to make one's choice among. As to the sea, not only dull, and void it is of any haven, or of proper traffic, but as dangerous as need be, even in good weather, being full of draughts and currents, with a tide like a mill-race, suffering also the ups and downs which must be where the Atlantic Ocean jostles with blind narrowings: it offers, moreover, a special peril (a treacherous and shifty one) in the shape of some horrible quicksands, known as the "Sker-Weathers:" these at the will of storm and current change about from place to place, but are for the most part, some two miles from shore, and from two to four miles long, according to circumstances; sometimes almost bare at half-tide, and sometimes cov-

ered at low water. If any ship falls into them, the bravest skipper that ever stood upon a quarter-deck can do no more than pipe to prayers, though one or two craft have escaped when the tide was rising rapidly.

As for the shore, it is no better (when once you get beyond the rocks) than a stretch of sandhills, with a breadth of flaggy marsh behind them all the way to the mouth of Neath river, some three leagues to the westward. Eastward, the scene is fairer inland, but the coast itself more rugged and steep, and scarcely more inhabited, having no house nearer than Rhwychyns, which is only a small farm nearly two miles from Sker-Grange, and a mile from any other house. And if you strike inland from Sker—that is to say, to the northward—there is nothing to see but sand, warren, and furze, and great fields marked with rubble, even as far as Kenfig.

Looking at that vast lonely house, there were two things I never could make out. The first was, who could ever have been mad enough to build it there?—for it must have cost a mint of money, being all of quarried and carried stone, and with no rich farm to require it. And the second thing was still worse a puzzle: how could any one ever live there?

As to the first point, the story is, that the house was built by abbots of Neath, when owners of Sker-manor, adding to it, very likely, as they followed one another; and then it was used as their manor-court, and for purposes more important, as a place of refectory, being near good fisheries, and especially Kenfig Pool, stocked with all fresh-water fish, and every kind of wild-fowl.

But upon the other question all that I can say is this: I have knocked about the world a good bit, and have suffered many trials, by the which I am, no doubt, chastened, and highly rectified; nevertheless I would rather end my life among the tombstones, if only allowed three farthings' worth of tobacco every day, than live with all those abbots' luxuries in that old grey house.

However, there were no abbots now, nor any sort of luxury, only a rough unpleasant farmer, a kind but slovenly wife of his, and five great lads, notorious for pleasing no one except themselves; also a boy of a different order, as you soon shall see.

Thinking of all this, I looked with tenderness at the little dear, fallen back so fast asleep, innocent, and trustful, with her

head upon my shoulder, and her breathing in my beard. Turning away at view of the house, I brought the moonlight on her face, and this appeared so pure, and calm, and fit for better company, that a pain went to my heart, as in Welsh we speak of it.

Because she was so fast asleep, and that alone is something holy in a very little child; so much it seems to be the shadow of the death itself, in their pausing fluttering lives, in their want of wit for dreaming, and their fitness for a world of which they must know more than this; also, to a man who feels the loss of much believing, and what grievous gain it is to make doubt of everything, such a simple trust in Him, than whom we find no better father, such a confidence of safety at the very outset seems a happy art unknown, and tempts him back to ignorance. Well aware what years must bring, from all the ill they have brought to us, we cannot watch this simple sort without a sadness on our side, a pity, and a longing, as for something lost and gone.

In the scoop between two sand-hills such a power of moonlight fell upon the face of this baby, that it only wanted the accident of her lifting bright eyes to me to make me cast away all prudence, and even the dread of Bunny. But a man at my time of life must really look to the main chance first, and scout all romantic visions; and another face means another mouth, however pretty it may be. Moreover, I had no wife now, nor woman to look after us; and what can even a man-child do, without their apparatus? While on the other hand I knew that (however dreary Sker might be) there was one motherly heart inside it. Therefore it came to pass that soon the shadow of that dark house fell upon the little one in my arms, while with a rotten piece of timber, which was lying handy, I thumped and thumped at the old oak door, but nobody came to answer me; nobody even seemed to hear, though every knock went further into the emptiness of the place.

But just as I had made up my mind to lift the latch, and to walk in freely, as I would have done in most other houses, but stood upon scruple with Evan Thomas, I heard a slow step in the distance, and Moxy Thomas appeared at last—a kindly-hearted and pleasant woman, but apt to be low-spirited (as was natural for Evan's wife), and not very much of a manager. And yet it seems hard to blame her there, when I come to think of it, for most of the women are but so, round about our neigh-

bourhood—sanding up of room and passage, and forming patterns on the floor every other Saturday, and yet the roof all frayed with cobwebs, and the corners such as, in the navy, we should have been roped for.

By means of nature, Moxy was shaped for a thoroughly good and lively woman; and such no doubt she would have been, if she had had the luck to marry me, as at one time was our signification. God, however, ordered things in a different manner, and no doubt He was considering what might be most for my benefit. Nevertheless, in the ancient days, when I was a fine young tar on leave, and all Sunday-school set caps at me (perhaps I was two-and-twenty then), the only girl I would allow to sit on the crossing of my legs, upon a well-lusted tomb-stone, and suck the things I carried for them (all being fond of peppermint), was this little Moxy Stradling, of good Newton family, and twelve years old at that time. She made me swear on the blade of my knife never to have any one but her; and really I looked forward to it as almost beyond a joke; and her father had some money.

"Who's there at this time of night?" cried Moxy Thomas, sharply, and in Welsh of course, although she had some English; "pull the latch, if you be honest. Evan Black is in the house."

By the tone of her voice I knew that this last was a fib of fright, and glad I was to know it so. Much the better chance was left me of disposing Bardie somewhere, where she might be comfortable.

Soon as Mrs. Thomas saw us by the light of a home-made dip, she scarcely stopped to stare before she wanted the child out of my arms, and was ready to devour it, guessing that it came from sea, and talking all the while, full gallop, as women find the way to do. I was expecting fifty questions, and, no doubt, she asked them, yet seemed to answer them all herself, and be vexed with me for talking, yet to want me to go on.

"Moxy, now be quick," I said; "this little thing from out the sea—"

"Quick is it? Quick indeed! Much quick you are, old Dyo!" she replied in English. "The darling dear, the pretty love!" for the child had spread its hands to her, being taken with a woman's dress.

"Give her to me, clumsy Davy. Is it that way you do carry her?"

"Old Davy tarry me aye nicely, I tell 'a. Old Davy good and kind; and I 'ont have him called kunay."

So spake up my two-year-old, astonish-

ing me (as she always has done) by her wonderful cleverness, and surprising Moxy Thomas that such clear good words should come from so small a creature.

"My goodness me! you little vixen! Wherever did you come from? Bring her in yourself, then, Dyo, if she thinks so much of you. Let me feel her. Not wet she is. Wherever did you get her? Put her on this little stool, and let her warm them mites of feet till I go for bread and butter."

Although the weather was so hot, a fire of coal and driftwood was burning in the great chimney-place, for cooking of black Evan's supper; because he was an outrageous man to eat, whenever he was drunk, which (as a doctor told me once) shows the finest of all constitutions.

But truly there was nothing else of life, or cheer, or comfort, in the great sad stony room. A floor of stone, six gloomy doorways, and a black-beamed ceiling—no wonder that my little darling cowered back into my arms, and put both hands before her eyes.

"No, no, no!" she said. "Bardie doesn't 'like it. When mama come, she be very angry with 'a, old Davy."

I felt myself bound to do exactly as Mrs. Thomas ordered me, and so I carried Miss Finical to the three-legged stool of firwood which had been pointed out to me; and having a crick in my back for a moment after bearing her so far, down I set her upon her own legs, which, although so neat and pretty, were uncommonly steadfast. To my astonishment, off she started (before I could fetch myself to think) over the rough stone flags of the hall, trotting on her toes entirely, for the very life of her. Before I could guess what she was up to, she had pounced upon an old kitchen-towel, newly washed, but full of splinters, hanging on a three-legged horse, and back she ran in triumph with it—for none could say that she toddled—and with a want of breath, and yet a vigour that made up for it, turned up her little mites of sleeves, and began to rub with all her power, but with a highly skilful turn, the top of that blessed three-legged stool, and some way down the sides of it.

"What's the matter, my dear?" I asked, almost losing my mind at this, after all her other wonders.

"Dirt," she replied; "degustin' dirt!" never stopping to look up at me.

"What odds for a little dirt, when a little soul is hungry?"

"Bardie a booffey kean gal, and this 'tool degustin' chongh!" was all the re-

ply she vouchsafed me; but I saw that she thought less of me. However, I was glad enough that Moxy did not hear her, for Mrs. Thomas had no unreasonable ill-will towards dirt, but rather liked it in its place; and with her its place was everywhere. But I, being used to see every cranny searched and scoured with holy-stone, blest, moreover, when ashore, with a wife like Amphitrite (who used to come aboard of us), could thoroughly enter into the cleanliness of this Bardie, and thought more of her accordingly.

While this little trot was working, in the purest ignorance of father and of mother, yet perhaps in her tiny mind hoping to have pleased them both, back came Mrs. Thomas, bringing all the best she had of comfort and of cheer for us, although not much to speak of.

I took a little holland's hot, on purpose to oblige her, because she had no rum; and the little baby had some milk and rabbit-gravy, being set up in a blanket, and made the most we could make of her. And she ate a truly beautiful supper, sitting gravely on the stool, and putting both hands to her mouth in fear of losing anything. All the boys were gone to bed after a long day's rabbiting, and Evan Black still on the spree; so that I was very pleasant (knowing my boat to be quite safe) toward my ancient sweetheart. And we got upon the old times so much, in a pleasing, innocent, teasing way, that but for fear of that vile black Evan we might have forgotten poor Bardie.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BOAT VERSUS BARDIE.

GLAD as I was, for the poor child's sake, that black Evan happened to be from home, I had perhaps some reason also to rejoice on my own account. For if anything of any kind could ever be foretold about that most uncertain fellows' conduct, it was that when in his cups he would fight—with cause, if he could find any; otherwise, without it.

And in the present case, perhaps, was some little cause for fighting; touching (as he no doubt would think) not only his marital but manorial rights of plunder. Of course, between Moxy and myself all was purely harmless, each being thankful to have no more than a pleasant eye for the other; and of course, in really serious ways, I had done no harm to him; that boat never being his, except by downright piracy. Nevertheless few men there are who look at things from what I may call a



large and open standing-place; and Evan might even go so far as to think that I did him a double wrong, in taking that which was his, the boat, and leaving that which should have been mine — to wit, the little maiden — as a helpless burden upon his hands, without so much as a change of clothes; and all this after a great day's sport among his rocks, without his permission!

Feeling how hopeless it would be to reason these matters out with him, especially as he was sure to be drunk, I was glad enough to say "Good-night" to my new young pet, now fast asleep, and to slip off quietly to sea with my little frigate and its freight, indulging also my natural pride at being, for the first time in my life, a legitimate ship-owner and independent deep-sea fisherman. By this time the tide was turned, of course, and running strong against me as I laid her head for Newton Bay by the light of the full moon; and proud I was, without mistake, to find how fast I could send my little crank bark against the current, having been a fine oarsman in my day, and always stroke of the captain's gig.

But as one who was well acquainted with the great dearth of honesty (not in our own parish only, but for many miles around), I could not see my way to the public ownership of this boat, without a deal of trouble and vexation. Happening so that I did not buy it, being thoroughly void of money (which was too notorious, especially after two funerals conducted to everybody's satisfaction), big rogues would declare at once, judging me by themselves perhaps, that I had been and stolen it. And likely enough, to the back of this, they would lay me half-a-dozen murders and a wholesale piracy.

Now I have by nature the very strongest affection for truth that can be reconciled with a good man's love of reason. But sometimes it happens so that we must do violence to ourselves for the sake of our fellow-creatures. If these, upon occasion offered, are only too sure to turn away and reject the truth with a strong disgust, surely it is dead against the high and pure duty we owe them, to saddle them with such a heavy and deep responsibility. And to take still loftier views of the charity and kindness needed towards our fellow-beings — when they hanker for a thing, as they do nearly always for a lie, and have set their hearts upon it, how selfish it must be, and inhuman, not to let them have it! Otherwise, like a female in a delicate condition, to what extent of injury

may we not expose them? Now sailors have a way of telling great facts of imagination in the most straightforward and simple manner, being so convinced themselves that they care not a rope's end who besides is convinced, and who is not. And to make other people believe, the way is not to want them to do it; only the man must himself believe, and be above all reasoning.

And I was beginning to believe more and more as I went on, and the importance of it grew clearer, all about that ill-fated ship of which I had been thinking ever since the boat came in. Twelve years ago, as nearly as need be, and in the height of summer — namely, on the 3d of June 1770 — a large ship called the "Planter's Wellward," bound from Surinam to the Port of Amsterdam, had been lost and swallowed up near this very dangerous place. Three poor children of the planter (whose name was J. S. Jackert), on their way home to be educated, had floated ashore, or at least their bodies, and are now in Newton churchyard. The same must have been the fate of Bardie but for the accident of that boat. And though she was not a Dutchman's child, so far as one could guess, from her wonderful power of English, and no sign of Dutch build about her, she might very well have been in a Dutch ship with her father and mother, and little brother and Susan, in the best cabin. It was well known among us that Dutch vessels lay generally northward of their true course, and from the likeness of the soundings often came up the Bristol instead of the English Channel; and that this mistake (which the set of the stream would increase) generally proved fatal to them in the absence of any lighthouse.

That some ship or other had been lost, was to my mind out of all dispute, although the weather had been so lovely; but why it must have been a Dutch rather than an English ship, and why I need so very plainly have seen the whole of it myself (as by this time I began to believe that I had done), is almost more than I can tell, except that I hoped it might be so, as giving me more thorough warrant in the possession of my prize. This boat, moreover, seemed to be of foreign build, so far as I could judge of it by moonlight: but of that hereafter.

The wonder is that I could judge of anything at all, I think, after the long and hard day's work, for a man not so young as he used to be. And rocks are most confusing things to be among for a length of time, and away from one's fellow-crea-

tures, and nothing substantial on the stomach. They do so darken and jag and quiver, and hang over heavily as a man wanders under them, with never a man to speak to; and then the sands have such a way of shaking, and of shivering, and changing colour beneath the foot, and shining in and out with patterns coming all astray to you! When to these contrary vagaries you begin to add the loose unprincipled curve of waves, and the up and down of light around you, and to and fro of sea-breezes, and startling noise of sea-fowl, and a world of other confusions, with roar of the deep confounding them—it becomes a bitter point to judge a man of what he saw, and what he thinks he must have seen.

It is beneath me to go on with what might seem excuses. Enough that I felt myself in the right; and what more can any man do, if you please, however perfect he may be? Therefore I stowed away my boat (well earned both by mind and body) snugly enough to defy, for the present, even the sharp eyes of Sandy Macraw, under Newton Point, where no one ever went but myself. Some of my fish I put to freshen in a solid mass of bladder-weed, and some I took home for the morning, and a stroke of business after church. And if any man in the world deserved a downright piece of good rest that night, with weary limbs and soft conscience, you will own it was Davy Llewellyn.

Sunday morning I lay abed, with Bunny tugging very hard to get me up for breakfast, until it was almost eight o'clock, and my grandchild in a bitter strait of hunger for the things she smelled. After satisfying her and scoring at the "Jolly Sailors" three fine bass against my shot, what did I do but go to church with all my topmost togs on? And that not from respect alone for the parson, who was a customer, nor even that Colonel Lougher of Candleston Court might see me, and feel inclined to discharge me as an exemplary Churchman (when next brought up before him). These things weighed with me a little, it is useless to deny; but my main desire was that the parish should see me there, and know that I was not abroad on a long-shore expedition, but was ready to hold up my head on a Sunday with the best of them, as I always had done.

At one time, while I ate my breakfast, I had some idea perhaps, that it would be more pious almost, and create a stronger belief in me, as well as ease my own peni-

tence with more relief of groaning, if I were to appear in the chapel of the Primitive Christians, after certain fish were gutted. But partly the fear of their singing noise (unsuitable to my head that morning after the hollands at Sker-house), and partly my sense that after all it was but fore-castle work there, while the church was quarter-deck, and most of all the circumstance that no magistrate ever went there, led me, on the whole, to give the preference to the old concern, supported so bravely by royalty. Accordingly to church I went, and did a tidy stroke of business, both before and after service, in the way of lobsters.

We made a beautiful dinner that day, Bunny and I, and mother Jones, who was good enough to join us; and after slipping down to see how my boat lay for the tide, and finding her as right as could be, it came into my head that haply it would be a nice attention, as well as ease my mind upon some things that were running in it, if only I could pluck up spirit to defy the heat of the day, and challenge my own weariness by walking over to Sker-Manor. For of course the whole of Monday, and perhaps of Tuesday too, and even some part of Wednesday (with people not too particular), must be occupied in selling my great catch of Saturday: so I resolved to go and see how the little visitor was getting on, and to talk with her. For though, in her weariness and wandering of the night before, she did not seem to remember much, as was natural at her tender age, who could tell what might have come to her memory by this time, especially as she was so clever? And it might be a somewhat awkward thing if the adventures which I felt really must have befallen her should happen to be contradicted by her own remembrance: for all I wanted was the truth; and if her truths contradicted mine, why, mine must be squared off to meet them; for great is truth, and shall prevail.

I thought it as well to take Bunny with me, for children have a remarkable knack of talking to one another, which they will not use to grown people; also the walk across the sands is an excellent thing for young legs, we say, being apt to crack the skin a little, and so enabling them to grow. A strong and hearty child was Bunny, fit to be rated A.B. almost, as behaved a fine sailor's daughter. And as proud as you could wish to see, and never willing to give in; so I promised myself some little sport in watching our Bunny's weariness, as the sand grew deeper, and yet her

pride, to the last declaring that I should not carry her.

But here I reckoned quite amiss, for the power of the heat was such — being the very hottest day I ever knew out of the tropics, and the great ridge of sandhills shutting us off from any sight of the water — that my little grandchild scarcely plodded a mile ere I had to carry her. And this was such a heavy job among the deep dry mounds of sand, that for a time I repented much of the over-caution which had stopped me from using my beautiful new boat at once, to paddle down with the ebb to Sker, and come home gently afterwards with the flow of the tide towards evening. Nevertheless, as matters proved, it was wiser to risk the broiling.

This heat was not of the sun alone (such as we get any summer's day, and such as we had yesterday), but thickened heat from the clouds themselves, shedding it down like a burning-glass, and weltering all over us. It was, though I scarcely knew it then, the summing-up and crowning period of whole weeks of heat and drought, and indeed of the hottest summer known for at least a generation. And in the hollows of yellow sand, without a breath of air to stir, or a drop of moisture, or a firm place for the foot, but a red and fiery haze to go through, it was all a man could do to keep himself from staggering.

Hence it was close upon three o'clock, by the place the sun was in, when Bunny and I came in sight of Sker-house, and hoped to find some water there. Beer, of course, I would rather have; but never was there a chance of that within reach of Evan Thomas. And I tried to think this all the better; for half a gallon would not have gone any distance with me, after ploughing so long through sand, with the heavy weight of Bunny, upon a day like that. Only I hoped that my dear little grandchild might find something fit for her, and such as to set her up again; for never before had I seen her, high and strong as her spirit was, so overcome by the power and pressure of the air above us. She lay in my arms almost as helpless as little Bardie, three years younger, had lain the night before; and knowing how children will go off without a man's expecting it, I was very uneasy, though aware of her constitution. So in the heat I chirped and whistled, though ready to drop myself almost; and coming in sight of the house, I tried my best to set her up again, finding half of her clothes gone down her back, and a great part of her fat

legs somehow sinking into her Sunday shoes.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### CHILDREN WILL BE CHILDREN.

THE "boys of Sker," as we always called those rough fellows over at Newton, were rabbiting in the warren; according to their usual practice, on a Sunday afternoon. A loose unseemly lot of lads, from fifteen up to two-and-twenty years of age, perhaps, and very little to choose between them as to work and character. All, however, were known to be first-rate hands at any kind of sporting, or of poaching, or of any roving pleasure.

Watkin, the sixth and youngest boy, was of a different nature. His brothers always cast him off, and treated him with a high contempt, yet never could despise him. In their rough way, they could hardly help a sulky sort of love for him.

The seventh and last child had been a girl — a sweet little creature as could be seen, and taking after Watkin. But she had something on her throat from six months up to six years old; and when she died, some three months back, people who had been in the house said that her mother would sooner have lost all the boys put together, if you left Watkin out of them. How that was I cannot say, and prefer to avoid those subjects. But I know that poor black Evan swore no oath worth speaking of for one great market and two small ones, but seemed brought down to sit by himself, drinking quietly all day long.

When we came to the ancient hall (or kitchen, as now they called it), for a moment I was vexed — expecting more of a rush, perhaps, than I was entitled to. Knowing how much that young child owed me for her preservation, and feeling how fond I was of her, what did I look for but wild delight at seeing "old Davy" back again? However, it seems, she had taken up with another and forgotten me.

Watkin, the youngest boy of Sker, was an innocent good little fellow, about twelve years old at that time. Bardie had found this out already; as quickly as she found out my goodness, even by the moonlight. She had taken the lead upon Watkin, and was laying down the law to him, upon a question of deep importance, about the manner of dancing. I could dance a hornpipe with anybody, and forward I came to listen.

"No, no, no! I tell 'a. 'E musn't do like that, Yatkin. 'E must go yound and

yound like this; and 'e must hold 'a cothes out, same as I does. Gardy la! 'E must hold 'a cothes out all the time, 'e must."

The little atom, all the time she delivered these injunctions, was holding out her tiny frock in the daintiest manner, and tripping sideways here and there, and turning round quite upon tiptoe, with her childish figure poised, and her chin thrown forward; and then she would give a good hard jump, but all to the tune of the brass jew's-harp which the boy was playing for his very life. And all the while she was doing this, the amount of energy and expression in her face was wonderful. You would have thought there was nothing else in all the world that required doing with such zeal and abandonment. Presently the boy stopped for a moment, and she came and took the knee of his trousers, and put it to her pretty lips with the most ardent gratitude.

"She must be a foreigner," said I to myself: "no British child could dance like that, and talk so; and no British child ever shows gratitude."

As they had not espied us yet, where we stood in the passage-corner, I drew Bunny backward, and found her all of a tremble with eagerness to go and help.

"More pay," said little missy, with a coaxing look; "more pay, Yatkin!"

"No, no. You must say 'more play, please, Watkin.'"

"See voo pay, Yatkin; I 'ants — more pay!" The funny thing laughed at herself while saying it, as if with some comic inner sense of her own insatiability in the matter of play.

"But how do you expect me to play the music," asked Watkin, very reasonably, "if I am to hold my clothes out all the time?"

"Can't 'a'?" she replied, looking up at him with the deepest disappointment; "can't 'a pay and dance too, Yatkin? I thought 'a could do anything. I 'ants to go to my dear mama and papa and ickle bother."

Here she began to set up a very lamentable cry, and Watkin in vain tried to comfort her, till, hearing us, she broke from him.

"Nare's my dear mama, nare's my dear mama coming!" she exclaimed, as she trotted full speed to the door. "Mama! mama! here I is. And 'e mustn't scold poor Susan."

It is out of my power to describe how her little flushed countenance fell when she saw only me and Bunny. She drew back suddenly, with the brightness fading

out of her eager eyes, and the tears that were in them began to roll, and her bits of hands went up to her forehead, as if she had lost herself, and the corners of her mouth came down; and then with a sob she turned away, and with quivering shoulders hid herself. I scarcely knew what to do for the best; but our Bunny was very good to her, even better than could have been hoped, although she came of a kindly race. Without standing upon ceremony, as many children would have done, up she ran to the motherless stranger, and, kneeling down on the floor, contrived to make her turn and look at her. Then Bunny pulled out her new handkerchief, of which she was proud, I can tell you, being the first she had ever owned, made from the soundest corner of mother Jones's old window-blind, and only allowed with a Sunday frock; and although she had too much respect for this to wet it with anything herself, she never for a moment grudged to wipe poor Bardie's eyes with it. Nay, she even permitted her — which was much more for a child to do — to take it into her own two hands and rub away at her eyes with it.

Gradually she coaxed her out of the cupboard of her refuge, and sitting in some posture known to none but women children, without a stool to help her, she got the little one on her lap, and stroked at her, and murmured to her, as if she had found a favourite doll in the depth of trouble. Upon the whole, I was so pleased that I vowed to myself I would give my Bunny the very brightest halfpenny I should earn upon the morrow.

Meanwhile, the baby of higher birth — as a glance was enough to show her — began to relax and come down a little, both from her dignity and her woe. She looked at Bunny with a gleam of humour, to which her wet eyes gave effect.

"'E call that a ponkey-hankerchy? Does 'a call that a ponkey-hankerchy?"

Bunny was so overpowered by this, after all that she had done, and at the air of pity wherewith her proud ornament was flung on the floor, that she could only look at me as if I had cheated her about it. And truly I had seen no need to tell her about mother Jones and her blind. Then these little ones got up, having sense of a natural discordance of rank between them, and Bunny no longer wiped the eyes of Bardie, nor Bardie wept in the arms of Bunny. They put their little hands behind them, and stood apart to think a bit, and watched each other shyly. To see them move their mouths and fin-

gers, and peep from the corners of their eyes was as good as almost any play without a hornpipe in it. It made no difference however. Very soon they came to settle it between them. The low-born Bunny looked down upon Bardie for being so much smaller, and the high-born Bardie looked down upon Bunny for being so much coarser. But neither was able to tell the other at all what her opinion was; and so, without any further trouble, they became very excellent playmates.

Doing my best to make them friends, I seized the little stranger, and gave her several good tosses-up, as well as tickles between them; and this was more than she could resist, being, as her nature shows, thoroughly fond of any kind of pleasure and amusement. She laughed, and she flung out her arms, and every time she made such jumps as to go up like a feather. Pretty soon I saw, however, that this had gone on too long for Bunny. She put her poor handkerchief out of sight, and then some fingers into her mouth, and she looked as black as a dog in a kennel. But Bardie showed good-nature now, for she ran up to Bunny and took her hand and led her to me, and said very nicely, "Give this ickle gal some, old Davy. She haven't had no pay at all. Oh, hot boofley buckens oo's got! Jolly, jolly! Keel song grand!"

This admiration of my buttons—which truly were very handsome, being on my regulation coat, and as good as gilt almost, with "Minotaur" (a kind of grampus, as they say) done round them—this appreciation of the navy made me more and more perceive what a dear child was come ashore to us, and that we ought to look alive to make something out of her. If she had any friends remaining (and they could scarcely have all been drowned), being, as she clearly was, of a high and therefore rich family, it might be worth ten times as much as even my boat had been to me, to keep her safe and restore her in a fat state when demanded. With that I made up my mind to take her home with me that very night, especially as Bunny seemed to have set up a wonderful fancy to her. But man sees single, God sees double, as our saying is, and her bits of French made me afraid that she might after all be a beggar.

"Now go and play, like two little dears, and remember whose day it is," I said to them both, for I felt the duty of keeping my grandchild up to the mark on all religious questions; "and be sure you don't go near the well, nor out of sight of the

house at all, nor pull the tails of the chickens out, nor throw stones at the piggy-wiggy," for I knew what Bunny's tricks were. "And now, Watty, my boy, come and talk to me, and perhaps I will give you a juneating apple from my own tree under the Clevice."

Although the heat was tremendous now (even inside those three-foot walls), the little things did as I bade them. And I made the most of this occasion to have a talk with Watkin, who told me everything he knew. His mother had not been down since dinner, which they always got anyhow; because his father, who had been poorly for some days, and feverish, and forced to lie in bed a little, came to the top of the stairs, and called, requiring some attendance. What this meant I knew as well as if I had seen black Evan there, parched with thirst and with great eyes rolling after helpless drunkenness, and roaring, with his night-clothes on, for a quart of fresh-drawn ale.

But about the shipwrecked child. Watty knew scarce anything. He had found her in his bed that morning—Moxy, no doubt, having been hard pushed (with her husband in that state) what to do. And knowing how kind young Watty was, she had quartered the baby upon him. But Watkin, though gifted with pretty good English (or "Sassenach," as we call it) beyond all the rest of his family, could not follow the little creature in her manner of talking; which, indeed, as I found thereafter, nobody in the parish could do except myself, and an English-woman whose word was not worth taking.

"Indeed and indeed then, Mr. Llewellyn," he went on in English, having an evident desire to improve himself by discourse with me, "I did try, and I did try; and my mother, she try too. Times and times, for sure we tried. But no use was the whole of it. She only shakes her head, and thinks with all her might, as you may say. And then she says, 'No! I'se not hot you says. I'se two years old, and I'se Bardie. And my papa he be very angy if 'e goes on so with me. My mama yoves me, and I yove her, and papa, and ickle brother, and everybody. But not the naughty bad man, I doesn't.' That isn't true English now, I don't think; is it then, Mr. Llewellyn?"

"Certainly not," I answered, seeing that my character for good English was at stake.

"And mother say she know well enough the baby must be a foreigner. On her dress it is to show it. No name, as the



Christians put, but marks without any meaning. And French leather in her shoes, and fal-lals on her underclothes. Rich people mother do say they must be; but dead by this time, she make no doubt."

"Boy," I replied, "your mother, I fear, is right in that particular. To me it is a subject of anxiety and sorrow. And I know perhaps more about it than any one else can pretend to do."

The boy looked at me with wonder and eagerness about it. But I gave him a look, as much as to say, "Ask no more at

present." However, he was so full of her that he could not keep from talking.

"We asked who the naughty bad man was, but she was afraid at that, and went all round the room with her eyes, and hid under mother's apron. And dreadful she cried at breakfast about her mama and her own spoon. To my heart I feel the pain when she does cry; I know I do. And then of a sudden she is laughing, and no reason for it! I never did see such a baby before. Do you think so, Mr. Llewellyn?"

**THE POTATO.**—It is popularly believed that we are indebted to Sir Walter Raleigh for this most important of esculent vegetable foods, the cultivation of which extends over a wider area than any other food plant; indeed, so universally is it diffused over the habitable globe, that it is found in almost every position where man can subsist; even in the Arctic regions it struggles for existence, producing stunted watery tubers in an imperfect state of development, whilst it flourishes in tropical as well as temperate climates, so easily does it adapt itself to circumstances. It ranks among the most useful of vegetable productions; it is highly prolific, and its value, which is incalculable, is hardly understood to its fullest extent. The whole family of the *Solanaceæ* is suspicious—great numbers are narcotic, and many of them poisonous; though in the case of *Solanum nigrum* (one of the potato family), the young and tender shoots, when cooked, are used as a vegetable in some countries. It is curious to note that the poisonous bitter sweet, the tobacco plant, the tomato, the Cape gooseberry, the capsicum, the deadly nightshade and the henbane, the thorn apple, mandrake, and petunia, all belong to the same genus as the potato; which most excellent vegetable was at first regarded with the eye of indifference by our forefathers, until it was imported by Sir Walter Raleigh, in the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to attract public attention to it, and cultivated it himself on his estate in Ireland. So, although not actually the first to introduce it, he was, nevertheless, the means of first bringing it into public notice. He could not, of course, have been acquainted with one half of its useful properties, and little did he dream that in after years it would radically revolutionize the diet of the country where it was first cultivated. It was known by the Indian name of the sweet potato, "*Batatas*," and under this name it continued to be spoken of and written about for some time after its introduction. We read that it was supposed that it would be found useful for feeding "swine and other cattle." The scientific analysis of the potato is not within the province of this pa-

per, and it will be sufficient to say that it is rich in starch, that it does not contain as much gluten as our cereals, and that it is wanting in nitrogenous matter. It is, however, more nutritious than any other of our succulent vegetables. To derive the necessary nourishment from a diet almost exclusively consisting of potatoes, the stomach requires a considerable bulk of this kind of food; and it has been noticed that the Hindoo who lives on rice, the Negro who lives on plantain, and the Irishman who lives on potatoes, are all, more or less, "pot-bellied," the Irishman, however, not so much so as the others; and this circumstance is attributable to their diet, which does not contain a sufficient proportion of gluten, and so necessitates the consumption of a large quantity of the food; for potatoes are not nearly so nutritious as wheat, and the constant employment of them as a chief article of diet is not favourable to the development of the physical powers; neither does it tend to enlarge the mental faculties. In fact, Professor Muelder, a celebrated Dutch chemist, has said, "the potato is the cause of the physical and moral degeneration of those nations who use it." Potatoes have been said to possess the advantage of solidity, like bread, and to have the healthful properties of many fresh vegetables, without their acidity. As an article of diet, when not used exclusively, they are of untold value; so universal has the use of them become, that they are almost an essential dish at dinner, for who ever thinks of dining without potatoes? We have said that the potato is wanting in mineral substances; and it is curious to note how, in Ireland, this deficiency is supplied by the water, which is almost universally strongly impregnated with mineral matter. The use of potatoes is a preventive against scurvy, if not an actual cure for it. Potatoes that have been exposed to the air, and have become green, are unwholesome; and new potatoes, i.e., unripe ones, have much to do with the prevalence of cholera, and such like diseases, during the summer months.

Food Journal.

From The Examiner.  
FRANCE.

RECENT accounts from Paris, the results of the elections for the Conseils-Généraux, so far as they are known, but too completely confirm the pessimist anticipations of those who, from the moment France was beaten by Germany, endeavoured, with sad forecast, to map out her future. That M. Thiers should have been placed in his present position by the timid Bordeaux Assembly elected in a panic was natural enough. Who else was to be had? To have able political men, a nation must be political. But the unhappy history of France has left that country at this hour almost as uneducated in the arts of government as when the great revolution blazed out. The disastrous war, the 4th of September, the humiliating experiences of the German occupation, have changed nothing, and France is as ready to obey whoever is in power as during the demoralizing Imperial régime. The much-abused Communists belonged to the only class in France whose interest in politics gives hopes of the ultimate education of the nation. France is as divided as ever. Communism is scotched, not killed. The Conservatives are as timid as they have always shown themselves in important crises. Helplessness, in the face of the difficulties of the hour, is the attitude of the French elector. He displays that curious phase of mind noticed by M. Prevost-Paradol some years ago. He looks on at the revolution, without understanding it, without attempting to control or influence it, any more than he would essay to guide the winds. All he wants is to have an opportunity of gratifying his desire for gain which the Empire stimulated into passionate fierceness. Already the Parisians are sighing over the ease and luxury of the most disgraceful epoch in the history of their country. The *bourgeoisie* in all the large towns are in an equally sorrowful mood. But Paris is the capital, where the pulse of the country can be most surely felt, and there we find distress and discontent. The number of skilled workmen killed or imprisoned as Communists was known to be large; the number which have been induced to emigrate is equally formidable. The consequence is that trades — such as the manufacture of ladies' boots, which was a *specialité* of Paris — have been driven elsewhere. With the exception of the Français, frequented mostly by persons in easy or comparatively easy circumstances, the theatres are poorly attended, and there

could not be a more unerring sign of distress than that. The *cafés* complain. Meanwhile Bonapartist partisans flaunt their colours on the Boulevards. Brochures are being issued, letters published having a strong Imperialist colour, while tracts are distributed amongst army and people dwelling upon the many virtues of the "martyr of Sedan." The opinions of the army are unknown — that army which the Emperor pampered with such assiduous care. Can it be possible, we ask, that there is even a chance of an Imperial reaction? The question must seem, to every man who does not belong to the section in this country that appears to believe a man who has once worn a crown can do no wrong, a suggestion fit only to be answered with a smile. Yet there are breakers ahead which a more skilful pilot than M. Thiers would be required to read the meaning of. The Emperor has shown so much incapacity and selfishness truly imperial, that we should deplore that it could be within the barest rim of probability that the nation might one day, not far off, perhaps, reinstate him. But the Germans are in twelve departments; there are yet some milliards to be paid. The Emperor William, whatever may be the professions of Prince Bismarck, cannot but look with uneasiness on the establishment of a Republic in France; and the elections of Sunday show that the expelled house still has many open friends in France who can get the support of their fellow-citizens, while the great majority of those returned are of that political tint which accepts slavishly whoever is in power, — would have supported M. Gambetta, as it will support M. Thiers, until his hour comes. M. Armand has been elected in the Aube; MM. Rouland and Paulmier in the Calvados; MM. Ray de Loulay and Vast-Vivieux in the Charente-Inférieure. All these are uncompromising Imperialists. One, M. Paulmier, is the son of a Minister of Louis Napoleon; and another, M. Armand, a diplomatist high in favour at the Tuileries. Whether Jerome David and Hubert Delisle will find seats has yet to be decided by ballot. But three equally pronounced Imperialists, including a former aid-de-camp to Prince Napoleon, have been successful in their candidature; and in several departments there has been a disposition to support men of less note, but whose proclivities are well known, the result being a success which the Republican press has deemed important enough to make a subject of angry comment. The state of siege still continues in Paris, and

M. Thiers governs a great country from a place scarcely more important than a village.

France wants peace abroad and quiet at home. She wants a Government that will stimulate, so far as a Government can, industry and commerce. Yet, unhappily, she has no statesman at her head to soothe the bitterness of her retrospect and allay the flames of a burning for vengeance which appear only too glaringly in the conversation of Frenchmen, in their private letters, and in prints published within reach of Prussian guns. The problem for a man gifted with political foresight—who saw, that come what may, the ultimate government of France must be republican, that the best part of the nation, its heart and brain, those who have an ideal for their country full of grandeur in not a few respects, are determined to reach this goal through suffering, through agitation, and if necessary through bloodshed—would have been how most safely to dispose of the army, how most securely to raise the edifice of the Republic, and how most speedily to restore industry to the position it occupied before the terrible shock of the great war. But M. Thiers is determined to be a blunderer to the last, and to close a career of mistakes with a crowning error. No man in France was more responsible for the war than he was. He, more than any other writer, deified French conquest, and fanned and flattered desires for fresh acquisitions beyond the Rhine. Has he learned wisdom from the past? He is as bent on making France a great military power now as in 1841, and as resolute on re-organizing the army, and laying the weight of an enormous military budget on the yielding shoulders of the country. By his timidity, his want of decision, his evident desire to coquet with Monarchists, he gave an excuse to the Communists, while the ferocity with which they were repressed cannot but leave dangerous elements behind. Why does he stay in Versailles now? Must he not know that, until the Government is in its natural locality, the people will never be at rest, and their deliberate opinion be more difficult to ascertain in consequence? The exports of France to the United Kingdom far exceed the imports from this country. Yet M. Thiers is about to cast the chains of protection more completely than heretofore around French commerce. The same absence of decision which characterized him in the face of the difficulties in Paris attends him still, and he makes no sign that he intends to give his bewildered

country a settled Government. No doubt he has good reasons of his own for this. A want of ambition has never been a fault of M. Thiers, and he knows well that he rules the country solely because it is in its present unhappy state; that he is kept on the same principle as a servant is sometimes retained in a house where there is an invalid long after she has ceased either to be civil or useful lest the nerves of the patient might be still more deranged by a new face. We believe M. Thiers will pursue a policy of delay as long as he is allowed.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SUBJECTS.

THE King of Spain has now completed his progress, and returned to Madrid. Any one attempting to form an estimate of the character of his reception in the provinces from the description given in the newspapers here would be sorely puzzled. The ministerial organs represent the population as half frantic with delight at the sight of his Majesty, while the Republican, Carlist, Alfonsist, and Montpensierist prints chuckle over the sullen and frigid bearing of the people. The *Papelito Aragonés*, an acid little sheet which supports the Church, and is consequently particularly bitter against the Savoy dynasty, has a fair hit at the papers which talk of the enthusiasm with which the King was received in Saragossa as "indescribable." "Just so," says the *Papelito*; "who on earth could describe a thing which never had any existence?" Enthusiasm certainly is not the word. I was in the crowd when the King rode into Saragossa on the 26th, and nowhere along the route could I perceive anything that could be properly called enthusiasm. Of curiosity to see what he was like there was a good deal; but of delight at seeing him there was no sign. There were no cries of "Viva el Rey" that I could hear—as for cheering, that, of course, is a Teutonic institution (not to be expected here)—nothing but a hoarse murmur of many voices like the sound of the sea beating on a beach of rolling pebbles. Still, on the whole, the reception was fairly good. If it was not exuberantly hearty, it was at least decidedly respectful, which, perhaps, was as much as could be expected. Enthusiasm is not a weakness of the Spaniards, except perhaps at a bull-fight, where it is evoked by a particularly savage bull or adroit

espada; and there is no Spaniard less excitable than the Aragonese. I am speaking now of the demeanour of the populace in the streets, for from the windows and balconies along the line there was plenty of waving of handkerchiefs and hats and throwing of bouquets. Perhaps if it were the fashion with the lower orders in Aragon to wear hats, they too would have been demonstrative in this way. But the Aragonese head-dress, the most senseless and idiotic, I imagine, in the whole world, consists of nothing but a silk handkerchief worn like a fillet round the head, giving a stranger the impression that in some epidemic obfuscation the male population had tied their cravats round their heads instead of round their throats. Coming from Barcelona, the King entered by the Ebro Bridge and the Calle de Don Taime, where an arch had been erected by the members of the Monarchical-Liberal Casino. Here he showed he possessed an accomplishment which ought to be appreciated in Spain, though more perhaps in Andalusia than in Aragon — a good seat on horseback. From the centre of the arch depended a huge crown, which, as he passed, was made to open and discharge a quantity of flowers, poetry, and pigeons on his head. One of the last, a wretched bird, dyed magenta colour, tried in its perplexity to effect a settlement between the ears of the horse, making the animal plunge violently. What an omen it would have been for the Carlists if Amadeo I. had been thrown from the saddle on entering the old capital of Aragon! Turning down the Corso and up the new street of Alfonso I., which promises to be the handsomest in Saragossa, and already contains some of the best shops, he proceeded to the cathedral of the Virgin of the Pillar, to pay his devotion at the famous shrine of the tutelar saint of Saragossa, and then remounting, rode up the town to the Capitania General, where he took up his quarters during his sojourn. All along the line the crowd was very dense, and, as a Spanish crowd always is, orderly and well-behaved. To any one mixing in a crowd in Spain the reflection will naturally suggest itself, how easy it ought to be to govern this people. The French have got great credit for having invented the queue, but I think Spaniards in a crowd show the instinct of order and discipline in a greater degree. Witness their admirable behaviour in every town and city in the kingdom during the revolution two years ago. The same little journal I have already mentioned (the *Papelito Aragonés*) says that "D

Amadeo entered Saragossa surrounded by soldiers" — "rodeado de soldados." For this statement there is only one word, a short one of three letters, which would be an adequate description. It is unjust both to the King and to the people, and therefore I notice it. I was within a couple of yards of him two or three times during his passage through the city, and he was each time surrounded, not by soldiers, but by a thick crowd of Saragossans and Aragon peasants, some of whom took the opportunity to put petitions into his hand. Soldiers there certainly were. The footway at each side, from the railway up to his quarters, was lined with soldiers at intervals, but being young and small they were completely buried in the mass that filled the street from side to side, and it was only by the point of a bayonet appearing here and there over the heads of the crowd that their presence could be detected. Three or four officials rode some distance in front of the King to clear a passage — a useless task, for the passage they cleared was immediately filled up, and some ten or fifteen yards behind him rode his staff, followed by a troop of cavalry and another of the mounted Guardia Civil. I don't think this can be by any stretch of language called "entrando rodeado de soldados." I was greatly struck with the figure the Guardia Civil made. Theirs is a rare instance of a uniform at once simple, business-like, quite free from superfluous ornament, and yet showy and effective: a small cocked hat of the Napoleon I. build, edged with white lace, a blue coat with facings of scarlet (not the shabby garance red of French uniforms), yellow belts, white breeches, and high black boots. It is, what cannot be said of most Hussar and Lancer uniforms, a thoroughly manly uniform, unadulterated by any suspicion of ballet costume. The King wore the uniform of a captain-general of the Spanish army. The photographs give a tolerably good idea of his features, but they certainly do not flatter him. He is not at all so swarthy as they make him, nor is his actual expression so stern. He looked very grave, it is true, as he rode into Saragossa; but perhaps that was merely the effect of the severe lecture which Don José Marín, the alcalde, had just administered to him at the railway station. Royalty seems to have had the effect on this gentleman's republicanism which scarlet has on the valour of a turkey-cock. Before the arrival of the King he had issued an address to the inhabitants, which might have been

written by some French maire last year in anticipation of the coming of the Crown Prince of Prussia. He entreated them to put a restraint on their feelings and to respect the sacred laws of hospitality; and when he was invited to dine with the King he declined, saying he did not wish the King to be under any mistake as to what his true sentiments were. The Madrid Republicans are in delight at this demonstration of severe virtue, but the majority of the Spaniards I have heard on the subject seem to think Señor Marín's taste doubtful. The second day of the Royal visit at Saragossa was a busy one, with early mass, reviews of troops, inspections of barracks, hospitals, schools, and divers other institutions, a soirée at the Casino Monarquico-Liberal, and, of course, a bull-fight. Poor King, how sick he must be of bull-fights! Three are about as much as any one not to the manner born can stand; for besides its other unpleasantnesses, it is the most tiresome and monotonous of spectacles; and he has probably attended three a week for some time back. He shows his good sense, however, in not reminding the Spaniards that his tastes are not Spanish in every particular. This time there seemed to be more heartiness about his reception as he passed through the streets. Perhaps the absence of the formality of a State entry had something to do with it, and so had, no doubt, the King's evident desire to meet the wishes of the people in everything, to do everything he was wanted to do, and go everywhere his presence was wished. At any rate, I heard several cries of "Viva el Rey," about the sincerity of which there could be no doubt, and he

himself looked more smiling and less officially grave than the day before. His is a better face for a monarch of modern Spain than many a more smiling or winning one. There is something about it that indicates courage, firmness, and determination, but besides this, there is something about it particularly frank and honest. He looks like a King who will know how to reign, but he also looks like one who, if he cannot reign by fair means, will not care to try to reign by foul. Everywhere it seems to have been the same as at Saragossa; the reception became more and more friendly as the visit drew to a close; and this fact, I think, augurs well for Amadeo I. In Madrid, where he is well known, he seems to be decidedly popular with the great mass of the people. He was received with something very like a hearty cheer yesterday in the Calle de Alcalá, as he and the Queen drove up from the railway station. Personally, he is, I am inclined to think, popular with the bulk of the nation; but as yet it does not go beyond this with the great majority. Nine Spaniards out of ten will tell you, with that peculiar wave of the hand which adds emphasis to a Spanish negation, that "Los Españoles no le quieren;" the reason being that he is not a Spaniard. To hear Spaniards talk you would fancy the Spanish throne had been occupied by an unbroken line of purely indigenous monarchs ever since the days of King Wamba, whereas, in fact, they can only show one who answers to that description, and that is the unfortunate Juana La Loca, the crazed mother of Charles V.

**TREES AND RAIN.**—In Italy the clearing of the Apennines is believed to have seriously altered the climate of the Po Valley, and now the African sirocco, never known to the armies of ancient Rome, breathes its hot, blighting breath over the right bank of that river in the territory of Parma. The similar removal of the pine forests near Ravenna, about twenty miles long, induced this same desolating wind, which continued until the wood had been allowed to grow again. There is no doubt that in France the removal of the old forests of the Vosges sensibly deteriorated the climate on the plains of Alsace; and it is a historic fact that the ancient destruction of the forests of the Cevennes, under the reign of Augustus, left the large and rich

tracts near the mouth of the Rhone exposed to the steady violence of the *mistral* (or northwest wind), before which the area of olive culture has retreated many leagues, the orange is confined to a few sheltered points on the coast, and fruit trees can hardly be reared in places where they were famously prolific. The curtailment of the rainfall is a well known consequence of the disappearance of forests; and in Egypt, where during the French occupation, in 1798, not a drop of rain fell for sixteen months, and from time immemorial the country has been a rainless bed of sand, Mehemed Ali, by planting his millions of fig and orange trees, has since seen his country blessed with an annual rainfall of several inches.



